

THE CONSTELLATION.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

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THE CONSTELLATION.

A TRIP UP THE NORTH RIVER.

New York, July 6th 1831.

DEAR TIM. It isn't often that I go out of the City, but fourth of July is so noisy here I determined to make myself scarce till it was over. The city was turned inside out that day I guess, for the steamboats for a week afore kept carrying loads of citizens up river and bringing loads of country folks down. Everybody cleared out from our house but blac Sal the cook, and she staid to home to keep independence and take care of the house.

When I got aboard the boat—the New Philadelphia and a pretty smart sort of a concern she is too—I found the folks as thick as flies round a rum-hogshead. I didn't like the looks of things at all—a feller might lose his pocket-book and know nothing about it till he wanted to pay his bill. I saw two or three sharp-looking characters skylarking round and watching every body's baggage. I began to feel rather ticklish about mine, and went and got it on deck and took my seat on top of it. Bimeby, up comes one of these fellers as impudent as get-out and takes hold of my trunk and tries to haul it away from me. I sang out "stop thief!" and the feller let go quick enough and began to apologize for his mistake as he called it. "Why really," says he to me, "don't make such a noise, sir, you'll disturb the ladies." "Bother the ladies, sir," says I, "and you too, do you spose I'm going to sit still and see my trunk stole?" "Your trunk?" exclaimed the villain, "is that your trunk? why really, sir, I took it for my own." "You mean, that you tried to take it for your'n," says I bristling up to him, "but—I'll tell you what, you've got the wrong pig by the ear!" The feller pertested his innocence, but I guess he was no better than he should be—if it had not been for the looks of the thing, I'd have taken him to the police office as sure as my name is Enoch.

After we got clean out into the river we found another boat rite at our heels, bellowing like a bull and raising a terrible steam, they called her the Ohio and said she was in the opposition line. I felt considerably streaked when I learnt this, for I knew they'd have a race till one or tother gave up. And so it turned out. Just as we got comfortable seated they began to crowd the steam, and away we went a little faster than nothing I tell you. One time the New Philadelphia went ahead and another the Ohio—then we'd go close together and one time we got so near the other boat I read the newspaper over a man's shoulder and two fishermen got fighting over the railings about which boat went fastest. You've no idee how excited people get in a boat race. They don't seem to think about being blown up any more than dumb critters. I spoke to the captain once or twice about his boiler and he said "things must take their natural course let come what would come." "Well," thought I to myself, "tis all over now, I wish I'd staid at home and kept independence on shore."

I got in the stern end of the boat as far back as I could—there was a lot more there as frightened as myself. There was a Connecticut parson going up river to preach a sermon fourth of July—he said twould be a great disappointment if he was blown up. "Oh Lord, sir," bawled out a vegetable woman, "you aint got half so much at a stake as I—heres my all—all my hard earnings!" And then she shook up a great big pocket and wiped her eyes with her apron. "Well I guess for the matter of property," said I, "I care but little about that if I could only get the captain to put me ashore." "There will find no such favor in the sight of the captain of this sinful craft," said a quaker, rolling up his eyes and shaking like a child. "Oh dear, oh dear, I wish I'd never brought my little Julia on board to be scalded to death." I couldnt help pitying the woman that uttered this last prayer, and I went right up to her and asked if I could render her any assistance. "Oh dear, O—thank you, sir, I feel so frustrated I cant express my obligation—if you will go into the Ladies' Cabin, in

berth No. 7, you'll find my dear Julia!" I rushed as fast as my legs would carry me—here was a woman and her child in the case—I didn't think nothing at all of personal safety. I went rite up to No. 7—the curtains were drawn close round it, but I saw the number through them. It was rather dark inside though, and I couldnt see nothing but the child's head. I took hold of it as gently as a lamb—the little thing didn't seem to come, and I tried again to lift up its head, when it raised up itself and a voice squalled out "Let alone of my night-cap, you good for nothing brute you!" By the powers! how I jumped—it was a woman as large as life, fast asleep in bed there, and I'd waked her up. I begged ten thousand pardons—she scolded—I splained—she stormed and said it was a base design. I said it was no design at all, only an accident—that I was directed to come to No. 7 and fetch a child. "Do you call this No. 7 and me a child, you good for nothing you?" look again, and faith it was No. 17, but the curtain hid the 1 when I first looked at the number, and so I only saw the 7. I told the woman I was satisfied that it want No. 7, and that she was no baby, and so saying, I backed out of the scrape like a singed cat, I tell you.

But now I was no better off than before, for the curtains were most all on em drawn to, and I didn't dare to open em lest I should catch another female night-cap, I sung out for the chamber-maid and axed her for No. 7. She pointed it out—it was closed like the other, but I resolved to be sure and so made the gal open the curtains—there was no mistake, it was No. 7, but I didn't dare lay hands on the bed-clothes for fear of accidents. I told the gal there was a child in that berth and asked her to take it out for me. She giggled and went to work—in a few moments she brought out something wrapt up in the bed blanket. I took it in my arms and hastened to its mother. There marm, says I, there's your child, and if you catch me in the women's cabin for another—"Surely you have not brought me a child, I hope, sir, if so, tis none of mine, I was never troubled with such plagues in my life." "Well I guess marm tis a God-sent then, for I took it from your own berth." "Ch tis—tis my Julia! cried she, unrolling the blanket and discovering—what? a great chunkled headed dog! "Is that your Julia, marm," said I, "Indeed it is, sir," said she, "I have nourished her with paternal care these ten years—the whole of that time she has divided with my husband my cares and caresses—we have lived together in the city, husband, wife and dog in the most perfect harmony and happiness. But ah the destroyer came—the cruel corporation—oh that I could have the handling of them—passed a law inflicting death on all dogs. I have been worried to death on account of my poor Julia—the yellow fever I could have encountered—pay the small pox—but to live in a city where the life of my precious Julia is in constant danger, is more than human nature could endure. Julia and I are going to the Springs to pass the summer."

If that aint a specimen for you then I dont know.
ENOCH TIMBERTOES.

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

Under this title the Messrs. Buckingham, of Boston, have just issued the first number of a periodical work, of a hundred pages or more, the principal portion of which consists of original tales, of the same rich, racy and substantial character that distinguished the New England Galaxy, and rendered it so deservedly popular under the direction of the senior Buckingham. Who, that remembers that widely-circulated publication, does not remember, too, the masterly account of Peter Rugg the Missing Man, than which, in our opinion, a finer tale was never written this side the Atlantic? Who, too, cannot call to mind the Legends of the North End, the Miseries of a Country Schoolmaster, and a host of other stories, which whilom appeared in the Galaxy and made it indeed a constellation of stars? Aye, those were the golden days of this species of literature—there were men in the land then—men, who dared think boldly and write independently—men, who acknowledged no prescribed forms of composition, but struck out new paths, themselves their own pioneers.

This hardy race of writers, had, we had feared, passed away—we feared so, because we saw our magazines all monopolized by women and boys—women, who adorn, indeed, their respective works, but whose works are to those we have been speaking of, what the lace-work and em-

broidery of the present day are to the coat of mail and the armor-bearings of the days of chivalry—and boys, whose sickly, love-sick and love-sickening effusions have done more to vitiate the taste and morals of their pretty cousins than all the romances of their grandmothers. We look now for better days and better things. The first number of the N. E. Magazine gives abundant promise of the fulfilment of this expectation. The articles contained in it, are written in a vigorous and manly style—the subjects are varied and well-chosen—the literary notices are prepared with care and fidelity, and the criticisms upon recent publications, at least so far as we are able to judge from internal evidence, are free and impartial. "The work," we use the language of its prospectus, "does not assume to be a rival to any existing publication. It is intended to occupy a station in the ranks of American periodicals which seemed to be vacant, and to ask no other portion of the popular favor than it may be thought to deserve, independant of its contemporaries." D.

For the Constellation.

A DISCOURSE FROM LIFE.

My dearly belubbed Bredren! I berry glad to see so many ob you here dis mornin': and scripser say he better go to de hous ob mournin an de hous ob festin, cause here is de end ob all tings, an de sinner will lay him to heart. Oh you shiny faces make my heart beat like de youn toe. Now, my dearly belubbed bredren, I spose you tink cause las Sabba-day I preach so smoothie and fine and make you ormos beliebe, and tink we borne no to sin as de spark fly up em clumsly—make you ormos tink we lay a good deal longer dan ten score year and tree—I spose you tink I goin to preach just so agin, and lead you true de strate lane, strew all alon wid de pra blossom an de danderlion, rite to de place where de tief no more corrupt, an de mors no more brake in an steal. I say—I spose you tink I goin to preach just so agin; but I tell you, you all berry mistaken. I take my tex from de 1st ob Samuel, de xxxi. chap. an de ix. verse, you fine him recorded.

"An dey cut off de head and strip em off de armor." Now my dearly belubbed bredren—I say, Peemp, give Dina ye jog dere she nodem—Now my dearly belubbed bredren, I want you to hear berry tentative what I goin to say, if you no tative you no better den be blin horse in de back mill. Nor not dat zactly neider; cause you see de blin horse in de back mill he good sight better dan de horse dat see, so you be all detention while I spound de word to you destruction.

De children ob Israel, (dem cat wade true de Brack Sea and less off de gold cart wheel dat de sailor hook up and put in de museum) I say de children ob Israel dey bliged to gedder stubble to make de brick ob, cause you see my dearly belubbed bredren, de task master him no gib um straw. Oh dey monstrous hard put to it. Now, my belubbed bredren, in nection wid de tex an de context you see my meanin.

An Samson he stron man, he berry stron man—cha! dat Gus dat sit um down dere che win to bacco, dat trew de big bird eye maple log ober de shed todder day, he no more to Samson, dan de gate of Gazum to de door of my pig pen. Samson he go down to see um sweet heart, an de lion wid de shaggy mane, an cubber all ober wid lon hair, he come out, an roar, an rear, an rear to Samson. Samson say "ha! go way, I no bodder you," an den he roar louder—an den Samson he gin to get mad too, an say "whis!" I take you tun out by de rute!" an den de lion rear louder, louder an eber; den Samson he real mad, he grab um and rip he tun out, he easy as he tear de leaf out ob dis Bible.

Oh! de sinful ob de human heart! he more wind in um dan de snake or de sea serpent, cause you see my dearly belubbed bredren, I go down to Boston, an I go down on the wof to see a gettemum an who tink I see down dere? why old Caesar, de great wood sawyer. An I say how you get along these day Caesar? an he say puty well I tank you, massa, how you do? Puty well, I say; an den I say why Caesar, dat de same old log you saw on when I down here lars week—an den he say d—m um, no, I saw ten cord sin den! Oh! Caesar, den I say, dis de way you answer you spirituuous leader, de shephard of my flock? Only tink ob your latter end! An den Caesar he drop de saw an he burs out cryin. Bymby you die Caesar, I say agin, wid all you sin on you back, an you go wadin an swettin just like de man in

Pilgrum Progress, true a long bog ob mud and mire; and when you come to de shiny gate, St. Peter he come out wid de large bunch ob key in de han, he look berry cross, and den stid ob sayin walk in Caesar and res you, he say ha! you bile nigger, you no come in here.

I see my belubbed bredren you all berry defective, an I expose de remainder ob dis sermon from a nodder tex till de arternoon.

JONATHAN.

From the year book.

"HISS!" "HUSH!"—AWFUL SOUNDS.

About the year 1790, a sturdy veteran, an old Peter Priestley, was clerk, sexton, and grave-stone cutter, at the beautiful parish church of Wakefield in Yorkshire. He was, an old and very respectable inhabitant of that town, commendably proud of his various offices, and not at all addicted to superstitious fears; if he had ever been so, his long connection with the repositories of the departed had considerably allayed his apprehensions.

It was on a Saturday evening, in a cheerless and gloomy season, that Peter sallied forth from his dwelling to finish an epitaph on a stone, which was to be in readiness for removal before Sunday. Arrived at the church, within which for shelter he had been working, Peter set down his lantern, and lighting his other candle, which stood in a "potato candlestick," he resumed his task. The church clock had sometime struck eleven, and some letters were still unexecuted, when lo! a singular noise arrested the arm of Peter, and he looked around him in silent astonishment. The sound perhaps cannot be better expressed then by the word "hiss," or "hush."

Recovering from his surprise, Peter concluded that he had been deceived; especially as his sense of hearing was not remarkably perfect, and he therefore resumed his mallet and chisel very composedly; but in a few minutes, his ear was again greeted with the fearful sound of "hiss!"

Peter now rose straight up, and lighting his lantern, he searched in vain for the cause whence this uncommon sound proceeded, and was about to quit the church when the recollection of his promises and imperious necessity withheld him, and he resumed his courage. The hammer of the clock now struck upon the great bell, and it sounded—*twelve*.

Peter having now little more to do than examine and touch up his new letters, was surveying them with downcast head and more than ordinary minuteness, when louder than ever came upon his ear the dreadful note—"hiss!"

And now in truth he stood appalled. Fear had succeeded doubt, and terror fear. He had profaned the morning of the Sabbath, and he was com manded to desert—or peradventure the sentence of death had been passed upon him, and he was now himself to be laid among—

"Whole rows of hundred and acquaintance
By far his juniors."

With tottering gait, however, Peter now went home and to bed; but sleep had forsaken him. His wife in vain interrogated him as to the nature of his indisposition. Every comfort that the good housewife could during the night think of, was administered to no purpose. In the morning the good woman, happening to cast her eyes upon the great chair where Peter's wig was suspended, exclaimed with vehemence—"Oh, Peter! what hast thou been doing to turn all thair off ore side of thy wig?" "Ah! God bless thee," vociferated Peter, jumping out of bed, "thou hast cured me with that word." The mysterious "hiss" and "hush," were sounds from the frizzling of Peter's wig by the flame of his candle, which, to his imperfect sense of hearing, imported things "horrible an' awful." The discovery, and the tale, afforded Peter and the good people of merry Wakefield many a joke.

I have heard the story related by so many old, respectable and intelligent natives of the town who knew Peter well, that not a doubt can exist of the fact. At all events I have no objection to subscribing my name to this paper, which may be worthy of a perusal on three grounds. First, as having never (that I know of) been published before; secondly, as being no fictitious tale; and, thirdly, as it may tend to dispel those idle fears and notions of which we have many remains.

A Sailor's Wit. When his Majesty's carriage drove into the stable-yard at St. James's, on Wednesday, a jolly tar saluted him with a characteristic cheer, "Huzza for King William! the Reform Bill for ever!" It is said his Majesty was highly gratified at this homely and familiar pun upon his name.

MISCELLANY.

THE MASTER OF LOGAN.

A SCOTTISH LEGEND.

Since the day that Sir Walter Scott first gave such charms to the legendary lore of his native land, similar subjects have been favorite with the reading community, and have found frequent and oft times not unskilful delineators. It is for its attractions of the kind referred to, that we copy some portions of the story of the Master of Logan. Its implication of supernatural agency and of superstitious belief, will doubtless be duly estimated by the readers of the *Atlas*.—The introductory passages (which we omit) describe a visit of the narrator to an ancient church yard, where mouldered the remains of the Douglasses and Maxwells—the Morisons and Logans. An aged man, who rested on a grave stone, repeated the tale, as a lesson to show that the solemnities of such a place were not to be slighted or made a jest. It is premised, that when the grave digger was engaged in his vocation, the Master of Logan, "a wild and dissolute youth," approached with much levity, and questioned the man, in that strain, about a skull which lay before him, and which with an air of indifference, he was turning over with the point of his shoe. The grave digger cautioned him for his light mindedness, and repeated some fearful examples of the consequences of such behavior: among the rest he affirmed that the spirit of Phemie Morison, which once animated the now vacant skull, had already paid a fearful visit to one, who, like himself, rashly despised the sober admonitions offered him—and he lived and died a maniac. "Lord laughed the Master of Logan, and cried—'Here's fair Phemie Morison! I wish she would come and sup with me to night.' " He was observed to change color. He turned to walk away; and the old man exclaimed—"Sir, repent and pray, else ye will sup with an evil spirit." The Master went his way; and as he spurred his horse, he could not prevent his thoughts from returning to the scene which he had just witnessed. After a fit of unusual moodiness, and an attempt to reason himself out of his apprehensions, he galloped onward, and his mind was soon occupied with ghayer subjects, and looks of another kind, than those of death and the grave—

"He had a cup of wine to drink with a companion, a fair dame to visit, and when he reached the gate of his own tower the clock was striking ten. He threw his rein to his servant and entered—rang his bell violently, as was his wont when angry, and said, 'Lockeriebie, how is this?—here is a table covered and dishes set for two—fool! I sup alone—how comes this?—' Even so as was ordered,' replied Lockeriebie; 'between light and dark a messenger rode to the gate, rang the porch bell, and said, 'A lady sups with the Master to-night, so let a table be spread for two.' This, as your honor knows, is a message neither sae startling nor uncommon, as I gied orders, and moreover I said ladies love music, nor do they hate wine, let both be had, and'— 'Lockeriebie,' said his young master, 'what manner of person was this messenger?' 'Oh, a pleasant man, with a red face,' replied the servant, 'but he merely delivered the message and rode. I wish he had stopped, had it only been to eschew the thunder-plump which fell when the loud clap was. And that's weel minded—there's Dick Sorbie swears through the castle wa', and yere honor kens it's twelve feet thick, that the messenger was a braw bouncing lass, with a scarlet cloak on, and een like elf candles—but I say a man, a pleasant man, with a ruddy countenance.'

The master when he heard this, wore a serious brow—he paced up and down the room—looked at the covered table—gazed out into the night—the moon was there with all her stars; the stream was running its course—the owl was hooting on the castle wall, and the relays of the thunder-cloud were melting slowly away on the hills of Tinwald. 'A wild delusion,' he muttered to himself—'my ears were poisoned by weak old Martha who nursed me. See! nature continues her course—the moon shines—the stars are abroad—the stream runs—and how can I imagine that a wild word, said in jest, should change the common course of nature. I cannot, shall not believe it!'

He threw himself on a settee of carved oak, and looked on the walls and on the ceiling of the apartment. On the former hung the arms and the portraits of his ancestors—and grim and stately they looked. On the latter was painted a rude representation of the Day of Judgment—from which this room had, in early days, acquired the name of the Judgment-hall.—Graves were opening and giving up their dead, and some were ascending to a sad and some to a saving sentence. He had never looked seriously on this composition before, nor did he desire to peruse it now; but he could not keep his eyes off it. From one of the graves which opened on the left hand of the

Great Judge he saw a kull ascend—and he thought there was a wild light in its eyeless sockets, resembling what he had seen that afternoon in the burial ground.

The Master of Logan went to a cabinet of ebony and took out a bible with clasps of gold—he touched it now for the second time, and opened it for the first—it had belonged to his mother—but of his mother he seldom thought, and if he remembered his fathers, it was but to recall their deeds in battle and dwell on those actions which had more affinity to violence than to virtue. He opened the Bible, but he did not read—the sight of his mother's writing, and the entry of his own birth and baptism, in her small and elegant hand, made his eyes moist, but no tears fell—as he sat with it open on his knee, he thought there was more light in the chamber than the candle shed, and lifting his head, he imagined that a female form, shadowy and pure, dissolved away into air as he looked. 'That was at least, a real phantom of the imagination,' he said mentally—'the remembrance of my mother created her shape; and it is thus that our affections fool us.' He closed and clasped the Bible, and lifting a small silver bell from the table, rang it twice. A venerable and grey-headed man came tottering in, saying, 'What is your will?'

'I rang for you, Rodan, to ask your advice,' said he,—"sit down and listen." 'Alas! sir, it's lang, lang since our body asked it,' said the other, with a shake of his silvery hairs, 'though I have given advice, as your good and gallant father, rest his soul, experienced, both in the house and on the edge of battle.' 'But this,' said the master, 'is neither matters of worldly wisdom nor pertaining to battle.' 'Then,' said the old man rising, 'it's no' for me, it's no' for me. If it's a question of folly, ask your sworn companion, young Dariadeer—if he be a matter of salvation, whilk I rather hope than expect, ask the minister, godly Gabriel Burgess—he'll make darkness clear t'ye; he'll rid up the mystery of death and the grave, and for laying spirits!—but we're no fashed with spirits, I trow, and am no' sure that I ever saw ane, unless I might call the corpse light of old Nanse Kennedy a spirit. I would rather trust my cause with Gabriel Burgess than with any dozen divines of these dancing and fiddling days.' 'Bid Sorbie saddle a horse, a quiet one and quick footed,' said the Master, 'and lead it over the hill, to Kirk Logan, and bring the minister to me. He will show this Bible, and say the owner desires to see him as fast as speed can bring him.' The old man bowed and retired.

'I have often ridden on an errand to a lady,' said Sorbie, 'and it seems natural that an errand to the parson should follow; though what my master can want with him is beyond my knowledge—he's name of the praying sort—as little is he of the marrying sort; and I think he wadna send for a good divine, to make fun of him over the bottle with his wild comrades. He mauna try to crack his fun on the godly Gabriel Burgess. I wad rather face the Master of Logan himself, when kindled with drink and inflamed with contradiction. The minister's the man for handling a refractory sinner. I think I see him fit to spring out of the pulpit, like a fiery dragon—his hands held out, his eyes shining, his grey hair rising up like eagle's wings, and his voice coming down among sinners like a thunder clap. And then there is a power given him of combating the spirits of darkness—an open Bible, a drawn sword, a circle of chalk and some wise words—so Gabriel prevails. I wonder what puts spirits in my head in this lonesome place.' He spurred his horse, and looking right and left, before and behind, like one keeping watch in suspicious places, entered a wild ravine, partly occupied by a brook, and wound his way along the banks chanting the Gallant Gramas, with all the courage he could muster; he pitched the tune low, for he desired to have the entire use of ear and eye in his ride down the Deadman's Gill, for so the glen was called.

His horse snorted and snuffed, and Sorbie saw to his infinite delight, that a lady riding on a little palfrey, and attended by a single servant, had entered the gorge of a glen and was coming towards him. 'Now, in the name of fun, what soft customer can this be?' said he to himself; 'she's mantled and veiled as if afraid of the night air. But what the fiend is the matter with the beasts?—softly, softly, Galloway Tam, else ye'll tumble me and coup the lady—damn the horses that I should say sae, and me in a eerie place and in the way to the minister too—softly, softly'. The road luckily widened at the place where he met the wandering dame, else such was the irritable temper of the horses which he rode and led, that he certainly would have lost his seat. He bowed as she came up, and said, 'Good even fair Mistress, ye ride late.' 'And good even to thee, good fellow,' said the lady, in a voice of great natural sweetness; 'it is late, but I have not far to go, if the Master of Logan be at home.' 'He's at home and alone,'

answered Dick, with a low bow, 'and expecting some one, for I saw a table spread for two; I know not who is the invited guest.' The lady laughed, and lifting her veil, showed a youthful and lovely face, with bright eyes and flaxen ringlets; then dropped the veil and continued her journey. 'It's a face I have never seen before,' said Sorbie to himself, 'but such a face as that will aye be welcome to the Master of Logan. I maun spur on for the minister, since such a sweet dame as you is on a visit.' And away rode the messenger at a round pace.

Just as he emerged from the glen, he saw a dark figure riding slowly towards him, and it seemed to his sight that horse and rider were one, for both were dark. 'Now,' muttered he, 'the old saying's come to pass,—'Meet wi' a woman at night and then ye're fit to meet with the Deil'; for here he comes, riding, I dare be sworn, on Andrew Johnston of Elsfield.' The rider approached, and said, 'Turn, turn—I am on my way to thy master.' 'Be merciful, but this is wondrous!' exclaimed the other in ecstasy. 'Is this you, Minister? O, but you are welcome!' and he took off his hat and shook back his hair, more to cool his burning brow, on which drops of terror had gathered, than out of respect to the Clergyman. 'Come, turn thy bridle back, Richard Sorbie,' said Gabriel, 'Thou hast seen something, such as human sight cannot behold without fear, which has moved thee thus.'

Sorbie had, however, recovered all his ordinary audacity, and answered very gaily, 'Indeed, Minister, to tell ye the truth, ye were the object of terror yourself; for seeing ye coming, riding along in this haunted place, I'en set you down for the Enemy instead of the friend of mankind, and I'm free to own that I did na like to face ye. Faith, but my horses, poor things, were wiser than me; they took it calmly enough, and ye ken yourself a horse is no' willing to ride up to an emissary of the other world, or emissaries of this world either, Minister, else Galloway Tam woulдна have n'le sic a work. He nearly laid me on the ground, when I met a wandering Queen of Sheba, in the Deadman's Gill, some ten minutes since.' 'A wandering lady at this hour, in this wild glen?' said Gabriel: 'and what manner of woman was she?' 'Oh, a lassie wi' manners enough, Minister,' said Sorbie; 'and veiled, as ye may guess, with an armful of lint-white locks about her bonnie blue een. But ye'll see her, Minister, ye'll see her; she's awa' to sup with the master of Logan, and if ye makena the mair speed, he'll hae commenced the meat. I was sent off with such speed to bring ye, as I never was sent afore—nair by token, there's a memorial that the Master's in earnest; and he put the little clasped Bible into his hands. 'Let us ride faster,' said the Minister, 'I may be too late,' and they rode onward.

'It was here,' said Sorbie, pointing to a wider part of the way, 'that I met the lady with the lint white locks; and this too is the place they say, Minister, where the Lords of Logan had a summer-bower of old, and where one of them had for his companion one of the wanton lasses of Ae, a frail twig o' the auld tree of the Morisons.' 'Hush!' said Gabriel, 'give not the thought utterance; such scenes should not be recalled. Bid what is good live again; let the memory of what is evil perish.' 'Aweel,' said Sorbie, 'e'en let it be sae; but such things canna aye be accomplished—an' yonder's the lights of Logan Tower, a glad sight in such a lonesome place as this: but will ye tell me, Minister, how ye came to ken that the Master wanted ye. I was sent so bring ye, and I'm sure the Tower sent out no other messenger.' 'A blessed creature warned me,' said Gabriel—'yea a blessed creature; and he looked at the Bible as he spoke. 'I would have gone to the uttermost ends of the earth to do her bidding, when she lived, and now shall I refuse her when she's a ministering spirit?' 'He's got into one of his fits of communications with the invisible world,' thought Sorbie, 'and it's wisdom to let him alone, lest he should cause me to see something whilk I have no wish to see. Yet I marvel who this blessed creature could be whotold him; he's owre deep for me to deal with, this Minister of ours.'

While they were on their way down to the Deadman's Gill, the master of Logan heard the neighing of a palfrey at his tower gate, and a bustle among his servants. He presently heard the sound of a woman's voice—very low, very soft, and as liquid as music, giving some directions to the attendants; and soon a light foot, accompanied by the rustling of silks, approached his apartment. The door opened, and a young lady richly dressed and of great beauty, was ushered in; she lifted her veil from her person, threw it backwards over her shoulders, carrying with it a whole stream of ringlets, and occupying the settee of oak to which she was conducted, said, 'Master of Logan, I must be your guest for an hour. You have your table ready furnished; your silver censers burning, and the

wine ready. Ah, Sir, was this least spread for a lady? And she gave her head, with its innumerable curls, a pleasant toss, and threw a comic archness into the glance of her eye, and waited for an answer. 'Truly, Lady Anne,' said he, 'I must not say that it was spread for you, since I did not expect this honor, but it could not be spread for any one more lovely or more welcome.' 'Master,' answered the young lady; with some dignity, 'I am not now as I have been—I am now mistress of my own actions, with no guardian to control me. I go where I wish, and journey as I will; but I am not here altogether of my own choice—for look out on the night—yon huge black cloud cannot choose but rain by pailfuls, and I would rather throw myself on your hospitality than trust the treacherous storm. It would have no mercy upon our female falderols and our round tires like the moon.'

'Dear Lady Anne,' replied the Master of Logan, 'whatever be the cause of your coming, your presence here is most welcome—not the less so since the elements constrained a little that dear quick-silvering disposition of thine—which now I think on't, used to wrong me with suspicious and attack me with sarcasms. But all that only renders the present visit more welcome. Lay your veil aside, and allow those fair prisoners, those luxuriant tresses, a little liberty—the cloud, which you dreaded, grows darker and darker; and you may be thankful if you are released till midnight.' She unveiled, and removed a broad fillet which enclosed her tresses, allowing them to descend in abundance on her shoulders—then, raising her white arms, caught them up ringlet after ringlet, and confined them around her brows, and beneath the fillet, only allowing a tress or two to scatter negligently down her long white neck. He knew enough of human nature to know that all this apparent care was but a stratagem to show her charms to advantage, and he looked at her with much earnestness and an increasing regard, which he did not desire to conceal. It is true that once or twice he said, mentally, 'What but admiration of me would have possessed this young and modest lady—she who always repelled, with cold tranquility, the compliments and attentions I paid her,—what has happened to induce her to overstep the limits of maidenly discretion? But nature's nature, and I have often seen the will that was restrained by parents set itself free with a vengeance, and make ample amends for early constraint. I must comfort her as well as I can; I wish I had not sent for that severe divine—this will furnish a text for another lecture—he will make me the common speech of the pulpit—and, what is worse, this young lady too will be a sufferer.' The Master seemed to have dismissed from his mind all the fears which lately distressed him; the intoxication of woman's beauty o'er-mastered all other emotions.

The domestics of the Tower meanwhile indulged in abundance of wild speculations. 'I marvel what will happen next!' said the first servant. 'Our master has sent for a divine; and young Lady Anne Dalzel has come wandering hither under the cloud of night, like an errand damsel in the auld ballads—it canna be for good that he's grown godly and she's grown daft.' 'I wonder what puts it into your head, said the second servant, 'that this young tramping lass, with the lint white hair and licentious een, is Lady Anne Dalzel! Do you think that her douce mother's ae daughter would sae far forget rank and virtue and e'en prudence, as to come cantering awa here in the dark hour o' the night? Na, na! the dove will never flee into the nest of the gore falcon.' 'Ye say true,' said a third man; 'this queen, whoever she may be—and for looks, she might be an earl's daughter—savours nothing of the auld house of Dalzel. Why, man, there's a saucy sort of grace—a kind of John come-woo-me-now kind of look about her, which never belonged to the name.' 'And who then can she be?' inquired a dozen of domestics, gathering round the other speakers in a circle.

'I ken what I ken,' said an old woman, who had charge of the poultry; 'and I know what I know! Ay! ay! they're well guided whom God guides; and yet all that we see is not of his making. Ah, sirs, there's mony a queer thing permitted in the earth; and this cummer, for all so young and so rosie as she looks, has nae touch of natural flesh and blood. Wha has nae heard of fair May Morison, who erred wie one o' the auld Lords of Logan, and was a dweller in the summer bower down in the Deadman's Gill? I mind her weel when I was a gillpin of a lassie, in the year sixteen hundred and fifty and sax—and wha was then like Madam? But she erred sair, and sank far, and died when she was in her prime, unrepented sin, they say, for it's certain she came back and haunted the Deadman's Gill—and who would come back if they could bide away! 'Hoot! hoot! Dame Clocken,' said several tongues at once; 'this is all wynted milk, woman: ye set your imagination wi' rotten eggs, and canna bring out a

wholesome brood.' 'Troth, and it would have been well for me,' said the old woman, 'had the whole been a matter of fancy; but I saw her spirit ye unbelievers—a sight I thought I should never hae coost the cauld of. It was eleven at night—the place, the auld Bower—and I was on a tryste with Willie Gowdie of Gulliehill. Awa! I went, light o' heart and quick o' foot, and when I came to the appointed place, wha saw I but cummer! There she sat wi' her long links of flaxen hair flowing o'er her shoulders like a deluge. I thought it was one of Willie's pranks, and up I went, but thro' God's strength refrained frae speaking. O, sirs, she looked up!—Its head was a skull, and the lights o' perdition in its cyne-holes! I shrieked, and dropped down; and when I came to myself, I thought there was some aye giving me queer grips. I looked and it was Willie Gowdie.' To this interminable stream of wild story, the clatter of horses' hoofs first in the avenue and then at the gate, brought a termination. Some hurried out with lights, and presently returned, showing in Gabriel Burgess, with more than a common proportion of solemnity on his brow.

Old Rodan showed the preacher the way to the Chamber of Judgment; and as he stopped to set his hose and neckcloth in order at one of the mirrors, he heard a soft, mild voice say, 'You are witty and you are pleasant, Master, and, like some of your ancestors, have little mercy on woman. So this is your kirkyard legend, it explains why your looks are hollow, and your manners austere—how unlike the gayest dancer at the assembly and the rashest rider in the chase. But why should such shallow imagination disturb a mind so strong as yours? Can the wisest or the wildest human word raise the dead; clothe their bones with beauty; fill their hollow eyes with the light of heaven, and put the breath o' God between their lips; give them a taste for table dainties, and a turn for conversation?' He held the wine glass in his hand, when the steps of the preacher were heard in the passage and the door began to open. 'Appear, in likeness of a priest!' exclaimed the young lady, laughing; and Gabriel Burgess entered and took a seat between her and the Master of Logan.

'I am glad to see you, Reverend sir, said the Master. I have sent for you on a matter which moved me much; but I am easier now.' 'Indeed, my young friend,' said the divine, 'no wonder that you wished for me; such a companion suggests thoughts of the altar, doubtless. And is this young lady to get command over the Tower? What fair name will she lose for the sake of the house of Logan?' 'A name of old repute,' said the Master, 'even Anne Dalzel.' 'Ah! young lady,' said the Preacher, 'I reverence thee for thy mother's sake. But thou art of another church, and I have not seen thee some years. Dalzel, a bold name and an old name; but I'm the man who changes the fair names of ladies—I hope I shall be permitted to find thee another name before we part?' The young lady looked down, the master looked at the lady, and the Preacher at both, and then said—'More of this presently; but I hope Lady Anne will forgive me for appearing before her in these homely garments, unlike the splendid dresses of her favorite church.' And he sedulously smoothed up his hose, and seemed anxious to appear acceptable in the sight of a fastidious lady.

'Truly, Parson,' said the lady, laughing, 'I am afraid you will think me vain and frivolous; these curled locks and jewelled clothes are not according to the precepts of your Church. Will you not hesitate to bind the foolish daughter of a laxer Church to one of the chosen of your own?' 'Ah! Madam,' answered the Preacher, smiling, 'your jewelled robes and curled locks become you; and I might as well quarrel with a rose because it bloom bonnie, or with a lily because it smells sweet, as with woman because of her loveliness. And as for marriage, some thirty score and three have I wedded in my day, and may do the good office to many yet.' 'A laborious divine,' said the young lady 'and I dare say one who makes durable work. This Scotland of ours is, indeed, a pleasant land for matrimonial inclinations. The Kirk, with reverence be it said, is at the head of the bridal establishment; but if the parson weds his thousands, the magistrate marries his tens of thousands; and those who are too bashful to reveal their loves to the whole congregation, or too poor to pay the fees of the Justice,—why, they make an exchange of matrimonial misuses and set up their household. We have no such indulgence in our Episcopal Church.'

'Lady,' replied the Preacher, 'ye have laid your delicate hand upon one of the sore-places of our Zion. The carnal power of the State measures its strength too much with the spiritual power of the Church; and when we war with those self-seeking people, we are accused of desiring to engross the entire disposal of man's body here and of his soul hereafter. Our Church is poor and humble; the lowliest roof in the land is that which covers the house of God,

and the commonest vestments in Scotland are those which cover her clergy. Concerning this, I repine not; for there are powers which even our poverty and humility give us, which exalt and strengthen us. How could I war with the effeminacy of embroidered garments, and the monstrous lavishness of our nobles and our gentry, were I to be rolled up to the controversy in a cushioned coach, attended by footmen in laced jackets?'

'That is an well and so wisely said,' answered the young lady, 'that I could wish the etiquette of the table admitted of our tasting wine together before the bell rings for supper; but the master has become abstemious, of late, he passes the sup, and shuns pleasant converse.—'Perchance he hath something on his mind, which weighs heavily,' replied the Preacher, 'and wine to the sick of heart is an addition of heaviness. Is there aught in which the wisdom of the devout, or the kindness of the beautiful, can be of advantage unto thee? Here we are both,' said he, smiling,—'what hurteth my son? says the Church of Scotland; and what vexeth my brother? saith this fair vassal of a laxer kirk?'—'I say,' answered the lady, 'that we are two oracles, infallible in our way and that our son and brother cannot open his heart, or reveal his sorrows, to two more wise and sagacious people. In truth, in some sort, he was about the unbarthening of his heart when he heard your footsteps, but he wisely reserved the marrow of his misery for one more ancient in knowledge, and more confirmed in understanding. Something hath happened in the burial ground of Logan kirk to disquiet his mind.' 'Speak, my son,' said the Preacher; 'there is healing for all sorrows, whether of mind or of body.' The Master of Logan, in a tone sometimes affectedly pleasant, related what had passed, and spoke lightly of the gay invitation given to the dust of Phemie Morison.

The Preacher listened attentively, but like one who had heard the tale before. 'My son,' said he, 'the evils which beset thee arise from the living, and not from the dead, and you are more in jeopardy from one ripe and rosy madam in warm flesh and blood, than from all the bones of all the dames that ever graced the courts of the Stuarts. The words which you uttered were indeed unguarded and must be repented of; but they were uttered in a dull ear—death and the grave listen to no voice, save that of the archangel. O, no, my son, imagine not that rash words can call dust into life; can summon the spirit from the realms of bliss or of woe, or that thou art so supremely blessed, or so splendidly wicked, as to have spirits of good, or of evil, for thy boon companions. In the blinded and melancholy days of Popery, when men made their own gods, then evil spirits were rife in the land; but since the pure light of Presbyterianism arose they have been chased into their native darkness. Even I, weak and imperfect as I am, and unworthy of being named with some of the chosen sons of the sanctuary, have driven the children of perdition before me. So, my son, clear thy brow, say thy prayers, seek thy pillow, and thy rest shall be sound—I have said it.'

'Holy man,' said the young lady, 'how fortunate was I in coming into this tower to-night; how much shall I profit by the discourse! Ah, the professors of my Church are full fed, and of a slothful nature, and are not rigid in their visitations nor frequent in their admonitions. You have driven, you say, the children of darkness before you—excuse the forwardness of ignorance—may a daughter of a less gifted Church inquire how this miraculous undertaking was accomplished?'—'Oh, most willingly, Madam,' answered the Preacher,—'there was no magic in it, all was plain, and easily understood; but here comes supper, sending up a savour such as would waken hunger in an anchorite. I hope, Master, that you have not tempted me with superstitious meats or drinks—with pudding stuffed with blood, for that is unclean, or porridge made with plums, for that is Episcopalian.'

The dishes were arranged on the table while the Preacher was still speaking; he stretched his hands over them, and over the wine, which was sparkling in silver flagons, and said, 'God be present at this table to night and bless the meat and bless the drink, and let every mouthful of the one, and every drop of the other, be to thy glory alone. Now, my fair foe,' said the Clergyman, 'to what shall I help thee? A wing of this fowl, or a slice of this salmon?' 'Most reverend and learned Sir,' said she, with a smile, 'I consider supper to be an undue indulgence, which inflames the blood, and makes the complexion coarse. As I desire to be loved, I avoid the vulgar practice, and am surprised to see it countenanced by a stickler, for all manner of simple and plain things.' 'Madam,' replied the Preacher, 'corrupt and craving nature must be relieved; to fast entirely is Popish, to have a meal of particular and stated dishes is Prelatical, but to take what comes is a trusting in Providence, and is Presbyterian. This wild fowl, now,' he said, smiling, 'has fattened it-

self on the heather top, and might supper a prophet; and this sauce is fit for the General Assembly, and ought to be restricted to divines.' He ate away with an excellent appetite, neither looking to the right nor to the left, till he had rendered the bones worthy of admission to a museum of anatomy.

'Most holy Preacher,' said the lady, 'there is a fair fish before you and a flagon of wine as they are both permitted by your Church, they will, no doubt, be agreeable to your stomach. While you are occupied silently and laboriously upon them, allow me, a daughter of self-denial, to touch this little musical instrument, and chant you a song; and as I make it while I sing, it shall be measured by your meal.' The Preacher had helped himself to a weighty slice of salmon; had deluged it in sauce; had filled up his glass to the brim in a challenge from the entertainer—and giving an approving nod, fell anxiously on, lest the poetic resources of the lady should fail early. Thus permitted, she lifted a cittern, touched it with exquisite skill, and began to sing, in a voice which could only be matched by the united notes of the blackbird and the thrush.

The Master of Logan was unable to resist the influence of this wild ballad, and the sweet and bewitching voice which embodied it. The supper table, the wines and fine dishes, were unregarded things; his hands, as the infection stole through him, kept temperate time, and his right foot beat, but not audibly, an accompaniment to the melody. Nor did the lady seem at all unconscious of her delicate witchery; she gradually silenced the cittern as the song proceeded, and before it ended, her voice and her voice alone was heard, and filled the chamber, and penetrated to the remotest rooms and galleries. The servants hung listening in a crowd over each other's shoulders at the door of the room. The Preacher seemed untouched by the song and the voice; his hand and mouth kept accurate time; with a knowing eye and a careful hand did he minister to his own necessities, giving no other indication of his sense of the accompaniment than an acquiescent nod, as much as to say, 'Good, good!' At length he desisted; leaned back upon the chair, and reposed, thankful and appeased. The Master wondered to see a man, accounted austere and abstemious, yield so pleasantly to the temptations of carnal comforts; and the domestic who attended—a faithful follower of the Kirk—shook his head amongst his companions, and said, 'There's an awful meaning in the Minister's way of eating this blessed night.' The young lady seemed to take much pleasure in what she called drawing the black snail out of its shell. No sooner had she finished her song—which concluded with the supper—than she took her seat at the table, and the conversation was resumed.

It was now high twelve o'clock; the night, which had hitherto been wild and gusty, refused to submit to the rule of morning without strife; the wind grew louder; the rain fell faster; the thunder of the augmenting streams increased; and now and then a flash of lightning rushed from a cloud in the east to one in the west, shewing, by a momentary flame, the rustling agitation of the pines, and the foaming plunges which the mountain streams made from precipice to precipice. 'The prince and power of the air is at work to-night,' said old Rodan, 'and there will be sad news from the sea.' 'From the sea, said ye?' replied a matron, who presided over the duties of the dairy; 'him whom ye speak of, and I mauna name, is none sae far off as the sea. I would na gang down the Deadman's Gill this blessed night for the worth of Scotland's crown.' 'Whist, for Heaven's sake! whist,' said the dame who ruled amongst the poultry; 'the fiend has long lungs, and is a sad listener, but comers, there's something about to come to pass in this tower to-night, that will be tauld in tale and ballad when the youngest of us is stiff and streeket. But we're safe—the buckler of the Gospel is extended before us, and the thick tempest will fall from us, like rain from a wild swan's wings. Lord send that the auld Tower may naud aboon our heads!'

Never from the time the Tower was founded, did it contain a more joyous party; the Master had drowned the memory of his fears in song and wine; the Preacher had, apparently, sweetened down the severity of his manners by converse with the young lady and by the social cup; and the lady herself gave a loose to her mirth and her eyes, and was willing to imagine that she had laid upon both the necks of her companions the pleasing yoke of her bondage. 'Minister,' said she, 'I have long mistaken your character. I thought you a melancholy and morose man, given to long preachments and much abstinence, and one who thought that a gladsome heart was an offence worthy of punishment hereafter. Come, now, let me ask you a question or two in your own vocation. What manner of woman was the Witch of Endor? There was a sparkling humor in the lady's eye when she asked this—there was a still slyer humor in the Preacher's when he answered it: 'On her per-

sonal looks, scripture is silent; but I conceive her to have been a lovely young widow with a glorious jointure.' 'Well, now, Parson,' she said, 'I like you for this; we must be better acquainted; you must come and visit me; I have heard that you are famous for discomfiting evil spirits, and for warring hand to hand with aerial enemies.' 'Ay, truly, young lady,' answered the Preacher; 'but that was when this land was in the bonds of iniquity: with our Kirk establishment, a new dispensation hath come upon the land. Master, the wine carries with you.'

'Well, now,' said the young lady, 'there's our friend of the Tower here—he imagined to-night that something evil would break right through all your new dispensations; he expected a visit from the grave—a social dame in her winding-sheet was invited to supper. Parson, are you man enough for her, should she come bounce in upon us? I am alarmed at the very image I have drawn.' 'And let her come,' said the Preacher, pouring out a brimming cup of wine—'e'en, young lady, let her come—I trow I should soon sort her—I know the way, lady, how to send refractory spirits a trooping—I have learned the art frae a sure hand. It would do your heart good, were a spirit to appear, to see how neatly I would go to work. Ah! the precious art will perish for want of subjects—witchcraft will die a natural death for lack of witches, and my art will perish from the same cause. I hope the art of making wine will be long remembered—for this is worthy of Calvin.'

'Minister,' said the young lady, looking slyly while she spoke at the Master, 'let not such gifts perish. Suppose this chair, with the saint carved on the back, to be a spirit, and show us how you would deal with it?' 'Ye are a cunning dame,' said the Preacher; 'd'ye think I can make a timber utensil dissolve and depart like a spirit? Awa with your Episcopal wit—and if you will grow daft, drink wine. He took another sip. 'Thou art a most original parson,' said the young lady, laughing; 'but I am desirous of becoming a disciple. Come! this chair is a spirit—take to your tools.' 'Weel, weel,' lady said the Preacher, impatiently, 'I shall e'en waste no much precious time for your amusement. But ye must not grow feared as I grow bold and serious.' 'Are you sure that you will not be afraid yourself?—such things have happened,' said the young lady. He only answered, 'Verily I have heard so,' and then began.

He took a sword from the wall, and described a circle, in the centre of which he stood himself. 'Over a line drawn with an instrument on which the name of God is written, nought unholy can pass. Master, stand beside me, and bear ye the sword.' He next filled a cup with water, and said, 'Emblem of purity, and resembling God, for he is pure, as nought unholy can pass over thee whilst thou runnest in thy native fountain, neither shall aught unholy abide thy touch, thus consecrated—as thou art the emblem of God, go and do his work—Amen.' So saying, he turned suddenly round and dashed the cupful of water in the face and bosom of the young lady—fell on his knees, and bowed his head in prayer. She uttered scream upon scream; her complexion changed; her long locks twined and writhed like serpents; the flesh seemed to shrivel on her body; and a light shone in her eyes which the Master trembled to look upon. She tried to pass the circle towards him, but could not; a burning flame seemed to encompass and consume her; and as she dissolved away, he heard a voice saying, 'But for that subtle priest, thou hadst supped with me in hell!'

'Young man!' said the Preacher, rising from his knees, 'give praise to God, and not to me—we have vanquished, through him, one of the strongest and most subtle of Satan's emissaries. Thy good angel, thy blessed mother, sent me to thee in thy need, and it behoved me to deal warily with the artificer of falsehood. Aid me in prayer, I beseech thee, for forgiveness for putting on the sinful man to-night—for swilling of wine and wallowing in creature comforts, and for uttering profane speeches. Ah! the evil one thought he had put on a disguise through which even penetration could not penetrate; but I discerned him from the first, and could scarce forbear assailing him at once, so full was I of loathing. He was witty to his own confusion.' The Master knelt, and prayed loud and fervently; the domestics were called in, and the worship of God was, from that night, established in his household.'

The Poet should cull from the garden of nature only those sweet flowers that diffuse a healthful fragrance. No poisonous weed, however brilliant its hue, however delicious its perfume, should mingle in the wreath he wears.

If you suppress the exorbitant love of pleasure and money, idle curiosity, iniquitous pursuits and wanton mirth, what a stillness would there be in the greatest cities! the necessities of life do not occasion, at most, a third part of the hurry.

THE CONSTELLATION.

EDITED BY A. GREENE.

NEW YORK, JULY 9, 1831.

DIETETICS.

NO. II.

SCENE. A Table covered with dainties, at which is sitting Mr. Peter Piddle, a pale looking man, playing with his knife and fork, and casting dolorous glances at the rest of the company, who are doing ample justice to the viands.

Piddle. Heighho! I don't know how it is that these people can live, and eat and drink as they do.

Hearty. Why, we live by eating and drinking, Mr. Piddle. Will you be helped to any thing? Let me give you a piece of this boiled ham—it is very fine, real Virginia.

Piddle. Ham! Virginia ham! Oh mercy! no Sir, I would not touch a piece of that ham any more than I would have done the forbidden fruit that made us all sinners.

Hearty. Nay, but, Mr. Piddle—

Piddle. Don't tempt me, Sir—it's a sin, I'm sure it is, to enjoy one's self in this manner. Besides it is detrimental to the health.

Hearty. Detrimental!

Piddle. It is indeed—I've indulged myself too long already with the deleterious dainties of the table.

Hearty. When did you first make this interesting discovery, Mr. Piddle?

Piddle. I didn't make it myself—I never should have thought of it as long I lived—I was going on thoughtlessly in the dark, living and enjoying myself, when I first went to hear Mr. Lantern's Lectures. Oh Lord! how much do I not owe that ingenious good man for putting me in the right way of living! Had it not been for him I should have gone on from one indulgence to another—eating—eating—eating—without any regard to the rules of health, or moral considerations—and merely pleasing my own appetite. But thank heaven! I'm admonished in time.

Hearty. You no doubt are highly obliged to your friend Lantern, Mr. Piddle. But you eat absolutely nothing.

Piddle. That is true—I was debating with myself whether I should take any thing or not.

Hearty. If you don't choose any of this ham, will you take a bit of the wild duck, or some of the lobster?

Piddle. Worse and worse! Wild duck and lobster! Good Lord! what is this world coming to? And these condiments—mustard and cayenne pepper—Let me entreat you Mr. Hearty, as you value your temporal and eternal warfare, not to touch these condiments.

Hearty. But I like them.

Piddle. For that very reason you should not eat them.

Hearty. Not eat what I like? Whew! this is a new doctrine. Wherefore were these comfortable things created, if not to be enjoyed?

Piddle. For our destruction, man—for our destruction—yes, both temporal and eternal!

Hearty. Temporal and eternal!

Piddle. Yes—so the Rev. Mr. Lantern told us in his lectures. He cautioned us powerfully against the use of all manner of condiments—and dainties—and especially against indulging our children in the use of them—for said he, those parents who indulge their children in these things, virtually say to them—“Eat, drink, and be DAMNED!”

Several Voices. Sir!!

Piddle. It is true—those were his very words—and I shall never forget the impressive manner in which he delivered them—making an awful pause before the last word, and then bringing it out in such a tone—it went like a shock through the whole audience.

Several Voices. No wonder they were shocked.

Piddle. For my own part, it made such an impression upon me, that I've been afraid to give my children any thing but bran-bread and sugar and water ever since. And for myself, I've hardly made up my mind whether to eat any thing or no. Waiter, have you any bran-bread?

Waiter. Anan?

Piddle. I say, can you let me have a bit of bran-bread?

Waiter. All our bread is bran new, sir, we've got no stale bread here. We don't deal in them articles.

Piddle. You don't understand me. I want some bread made out of bran.

Waiter. We haven't got any such. When I was an hostler, and waited on the four-legged

animals, I used to give them bran and shorts, and sichlike, mixed up with water—but 'twasn't baked, nor—

Piddle. Heighho! I don't know what I shall eat. Have you any mush that is twenty-four hours old?

Waiter. Mush! No, sir, we never keep any mush here.

Piddle. Oh dear! Mr. Hearty, how you eat! You'll ruin yourself forever by such indulgence. That mustard, and pepper, and gravy—

Hearty. Are excellent.

Piddle. But they're very destructive though—ruinous to the vital and everlasting functions. If you had only heard the Rev. Mr. Lantern lecture on the subject as I did, you never would touch one of them again. His language was very striking. Says he, they put mustard and pepper, &c. on their food—then they mix it up together—and then they slush it over with gravy—

Several Voices. Very striking language indeed!

Piddle. “Mux it up” and “slush it over”—those were his very words—and they produced a surprising sensation on the audience.

Hearty. Something like an emetic, perhaps.

Piddle. No—Oh no—not exactly—it was, I should say, a kind of inward sensation—a kind of—

Hearty. That is the effect of an emetic.

Piddle. But this was something different—a kind of I can't describe it. But I'm sure it produced an effect upon me, that I sha'n't get over for one while. Oh my conscience! what do we not owe to those ingenious good men, who have at last made the discovery that all the good things of this life, both eatable and drinkable, both snuffable and chewable, both smokable and lodgeable, were all created by a beneficent Being for our especial destruction!

Hearty. Is that a proof of beneficence—to fill the world with good things, create a taste for their enjoyment, and then say—“All these things are poison both to the body and the soul—touch them not on peril of your present and eternal perdition!”

Piddle. The greatest, sir—the greatest—but it isn't every mortal that can find it out. Hence it is that we owe so much to those ingenious good men who have made the discovery, and go about preaching it to their poor blind fellow-creatures, who have no more sense nor grace than to eat and drink what they like.

Hearty. We certainly owe very much to their ingenuity for making this notable discovery—but as to their goodness—

Farmer Osgad. It's all a matter of moonshine—and so is their ingenuity. We farmers, who raise beef and pork, don't believe a word of it. We're not such fools as to be led by the nose by Parson Lanternjaw, or any other lecturing vagabone, who goes about the country making people quarrel with their bread and butter.

Piddle. Oh shocking! Mr. Osgad—how you talk! Is it possible that you don't believe in the perdition that will inevitably follow the indulgence of the appetite?

Far. Osgad. Not I. Even if I should injure my health by eating and drinking—which I don't believe—I see no reason for the long perdition that you tell about.

Piddle. Oh that you had heard the Rev. Mr. Lantern's lectures!

Far. Osgad. I'm very well content, as it is. But are you really bent upon fasting with all these good things before you?

Piddle. Good things!—ah! that's the very reason I dare not touch them. I've been living upon bran-bread and Manhattan water ever since I attended Mr. Lantern's lectures.

Far. Osgad. So I should think by your appearance. Here, man—alive—if you are alive—take a chunk of this roast beef.

Piddle. I thank you, Sir—but as I value my present and eternal welfare, I dare not touch it.

Far. Osgad. [Cuts off a large slice—adds mustard, pepper, and vegetables—and having mixed them up and slushed them over a LA LANTERN pushes the ample plateful towards Mr. Piddle.] There! Mr. Piddle.

Piddle. Don't urge me—I—heighho!—I don't know how 'tis—

Far. Osgad. But I know how 'tis, and I advise you to fall to and eat a piece of this beef—I'll answer for your welfare, both the long and the short of it.

Piddle. No, Farmer Osgad—I have begun a good work, and I must go on. For forty years now have I been enjoying the good things of this life, and never in all that time did I have a sick day. But thanks, as I said before, to the ingenious good man who showed me the error of my ways—who convinced me that I was ruining my health—and, above all, taught me that God is angry every day with those who take the liberty of

enjoying the good things which he has in his mercy set before them.

Far. Osgad. For my part, I feel perfectly satisfied with the best that God has set before me—and have no desire to starve in the midst of plenty. Thank heaven! I never attended any lectures on diet; my own taste and experience are my guide. And if any man wants a better, he's a fool, that's all. I beg your pardon, Mr. Piddle, I meant no personalities.

Hearty. And what did all this valuable information which makes you so excellently miserable, cost you, Mr. Piddle?

Piddle. It was all gratis. And here is another cause for gratitude to the Rev. Mr. Lantern.

Hearty. Did he absolutely lecture for nothing.

Piddle. So 'twas advertised in the papers. It is true on the last night but one, a collection was taken up at the request of the Rev. Mr. Lantern, who did not charge a cent for his lectures—but merely asked the audience to give him as much they could afford.

Hearty. And this you call gratis, ha!

Piddle. So, 'twas set down in the advertisement.

Far. Osgad. Fudge!

Piddle. Heigh ho! [Surgunt Omnes.]

SLANDEROUS REPORT.

“What to oblivion better were resigned
Is hung on high to poison half mankind.”

POPE.

A more slanderous and filthy publication, and one calculated to do more injury to morals, has rarely been issued from any press, than the Report lately published by the Magdalen Society of this city. It is a blacker and more monstrous production than the “seven devils” of which Mary Magdalen herself was delivered.

By noiseless and persevering efforts to reclaim the wanderer—or to afford an asylum to the “fair penitent”—is a charity worthy of praise. But the Magdalen Report, instead of lessening the number of the frail sisterhood, will rather have a tendency to increase them. Females who were formerly restrained by example, will no longer be subject to that restraint, when they are taught to believe that there are such prodigious numbers of the unchaste to keep them in countenance, should they fall. They will look about them and say—“Every second woman in the city is—” so better than she should be—why should we be scrupulous? At all events, as the Magdalen Report has given us the name, we may as well have the game also. There is no use in having a bad reputation for nothing.”

The Report will have a most injurious effect on young men. It will be read by them with avidity, and serve as a sort of finger-post to point out the broad-road to iniquity. What young man will subject himself to the restraints of matrimony, with so wide and open a field of pleasure and profligacy spread before him? Or if he were disposed to marry and content himself with the pure comforts of an unpolled bed, where should he look for a chaste wife? Which woman among the every second one, so liberally excepted in the Report, would he dare trust? He would fear to choose the wrong one—and this fear would prevent him from choosing any.

Nothing could be more ill-judged than sending into the world such a Report, even if it were true; because its natural tendency is to pollute the moral atmosphere. But its monstrous exaggerations stamp it with a character peculiarly frightful and odious.

FRENCH SUPERSTITION IN 1559. Francis II. the husband of Mary Queen of Scots, whose health was giving way, went by the advice of his physicians to Blois, celebrated for the mildness of its climate. While on his journey, he found the villages through which he passed, deserted—the French peasantry having heard, and fully believing, that the nature of the King's complaint was such that it could only be cured by his bathing in the blood of young children!

LAST PARAGRAPH. James O. Rockwell, late editor of the Providence Patriot, a notice of whose death we have already published, penned the following playful lines, two days before that lamented event:

Card Apologetic. The Editor of this paper has been suspected of sickness, tried, found guilty, and delivered over to his physician for punishment. As soon as he recovers his strength, he will “throw physic to the dogs,” and resume his duties.

THEATRE. The Park, which closed its season on the 5th, reopened on the 6th for a short summer season—on which occasion the right comical Mr. Finn showed his comical face. We understand he is engaged for a number of nights. Those who would laugh and be fat, should go and renew the flesh which they have lost during the warm weather.

THE SATURDAY PREACHER.

SERMON XIV.

Comfort to Bachelors in Warm Weather.

“How can one be warm alone?”

True enough, friend Solomon, how can one be warm alone? There is nobody to put him in a passion; nobody to irritate him; nobody to provoke him; nobody to bring out the latent heat; nobody to kindle his anger; nobody to raise his passion to a flame. How can he be warm alone? There is no chance for him; he is obliged per force to keep cool. It is by rubbing two sticks together, that a fire is kindled; a single one may remain till doomsday without ever growing hot.

Solomon has had the reputation of uncommon wisdom; and it is not my business now to detract aught from that reputation, seeing that from him I have taken my text. But his wisdom, like that of many another man, was the result of dear-bought experience; and a great part of his excellent shots in after life are owing to his having so often missed the mark in his younger days. He, as every body knows, had been a very extravagant man; he went all lengths in the pursuit of pleasure; until having at length become satiated or disappointed, he sat coolly down to rail at the follies and vanities of life.

In the midst of his right royal extravagance, he was obliged to have thousands of persons about him. A numerous household is sufficient to play the devil with any man's temper—or woman's either. In addition to his thousand handsome women,—wives and mistresses—he had men-servants and maid-servants, men-singers and women-singers; and all the host of underlings that go to make up the establishment of a rich, luxurious and extravagant prince.

With all these persons around him, he was doubtless in a perpetual ferment; flying every now and then into a towering passion, and ready to break the head of every person that came in his way. Then it was, that comparing his own condition with that of some hermit in the mountain of Lebanon, or some solitary bachelor in the city of Jerusalem, he would very naturally exclaim—“How can one be warm alone?” How can one be in a passion with nobody to irritate and torment him?

This text is especially consolatory to all persons in the single state; and if they have hitherto regretted their condition, they may now lay aside their regrets, at least until after the close of the warm season. Married men and those who are about to change their state, may perhaps, as they have done before, wrest the words of Solomon to their own purposes, and pretend that there is no keeping comfortable o' nights without a bed-fellow. But they had better defer this argument until frosty weather; it will not avail them, when the thermometer is at ninety-five. It is perfectly evident to me that I have the right understanding of the text; and in this interpretation, I shall be supported by all that respectable class of men, denominated Old Bachelors.

“How can one be warm alone?” It is next to an impossibility; and this accounts for the remarkable equanimity of the single brotherhood—so cool, so quiet, so placid, so perfectly free from all undue excitement. How can they be warm alone? They have nobody to put them in a passion; nobody to irritate and vex them; nobody to say—“Why do you do this, Mr. Coolly?”—“Why don't you do that, Mr. Placid?” They are answerable for their conduct only to their own consciences and the laws of the land; and what is still better, they have nobody about them for whose conduct they are responsible. Having paid their landlady, their landress and the parson—they may wear what they please, eat what they can get, sleep o' nights, and keep as cool—ay, as cool as a cucumber without pepper.

It is held, in ordinary circumstances, a difficult thing for a man to bite off his own nose; and it is equally difficult for a man to get in a passion without any motive—to be irritated without any excitement. The best tempered steel will show fire, when struck by the flint; but without the flint, the hardest specimen will not produce a spark.

IMPROVEMENT.

If the single man is ever tempted to repine at his solitary state, he may derive comfort by looking about him; and, as he beholds the bachelor-despising husband flaming with passion at his wife, or his children, or his servants—say, in the gladness of his heart, How can a man be warm alone? All happiness in this world is mixed and comparative; and if the lone bachelor be not so warm in winter as he might be; neither is he so hot in summer as, under different circumstances, he must be.

PATRIOTIC FUDDLING.

"And we left him alone in his glory."
BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

We saw, on the evening of the Fourth, many glorious specimens which had been left—not exactly alone, for they kept each other company—but they were deserted by their friends, who having had stronger heads or leaner pockets, were able to stagger clear away from the scene of action—the Park. Strolling through the aisles of that beautiful enclosure, we beheld a hundred men, more or less, stretched at full length on the grass plats—some prone and some supine—breathing out the fumes of the "Water" which they had purchased at "Three Cents a Glass"—which water, having been over-heated by rum which was obtained "for nothing," was now undergoing a strong evaporation. They were zealous patriots, and had been drinking all day to the honor of their country, and now were resting in their glory. They lay sadly at random—heads and points—which every way they fell, so they remained. Most of them were dead—dead—drunk! But we saw one winking at the stars—we do not recollect whether it was fair or cloudy—but at all events, the patriot was precisely in that glorious condition when a man can see stars, "whether or no." He was just then holding a solitary confab with his ownself.

By J—s—s!" stammered he, if a man d-d-dont d-drink to the honor of his co-co-country, he ought to b-be d-d-d—d! Th-that's all. L-l-liberty for ev-er! I say.

"King Stephen was an worthy pe-er,
His br-others cost him a whole crow-n.
He held them in ex-pectance all too de-er,
With that he knocked the ty-ant or-down."

What the d-devil you st-stand there for—ha, Mister! said he, for the first time perceiving that he had an auditor.

"I just sto-pped a moment to listen to your song."

"To l-listen to my s-song, ha! wh-at b-b-bu-ness have you to l-listen to my song, ha! Ce-cant a man s-s-s-sing in a free co-untry with-out having p-p-people l-li-listen to him—tell me that, sir!

"King Stephen was an"—

who s-says I'm d-d-drunk, ha! If any man says so, he m-m-must f-fight me by—!"

With that he made an effort to rise, and getting nearly on his feet, he fell with his face to the ground, and saw the stars no more—for that evening.

DIS-HONESTY REWARDED. Charley McQuiz was walking the other day just behind an acquaintance of his, when perceiving his handkerchief hanging from his pocket, he pulled it quite out—and giving it to a lad he met, bade him hand it to the gentleman, and say he had just picked it up. The lad did as he was desired—and the owner, admiring his honesty, pulled out a shilling and gave him. The boy put the shilling in his pocket and laughed in his sleeve—McQuiz laughed aloud—and the hoaxed gentleman, discovering the trick, laughed right out—for the wrong side of his mouth.

DEATH OF EX-PRESIDENT MONROE. James Monroe died in this city on Monday afternoon, the 4th inst. Thus, like his illustrious predecessors, Adams and Jefferson, has he been called away on the glorious Anniversary of our Independence. His Presidency was the most fortunate—or at all events the least embittered by opposition—of any since the days of Washington.

His funeral took place on Thursday, attended by a concourse of not less than a hundred thousand persons. His body was placed in a leaden coffin, and this enclosed in one of mahogany, bearing on a silver plate the following simple inscription:—

JAMES MONROE
OF VIRGINIA,
DIED 4TH JULY, 1831,
AGED 74 YEARS.

GREAT FIRE. Almost the entire block of buildings, included between Varick, Charlton, Vandam and Hudson streets, was consumed on the night of the 4th inst. By this calamity one hundred and twenty-five families are said to be thrown houseless and destitute upon the world. Several persons are missing, among whom are two children that had been locked in a room by their parents, who had gone to the theatre. This fire is supposed to be owing to that most reprehensible practice—the firing of crackers.

"Why dont you wheel that barrow of coals, Ned?" quoth a learned vender of black diamonds to his man; "it is not a very hard job—there is an inclined plane to relieve you." "Aye, master," replied Ned, who had more relish for wit than work, "the plane may be inclined, but hang me if I am."

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

THE SPY—HARVEY BIRCH.

Mr. Cooper's "Spy" has just been republished in London, as the 3d No. of the new series of Standard Novels of Colburn and Bentley. It is furnished with a new preface by the author, in which he sets the curious at defiance by stating that none of the various suppositions as to the original of Harvey Birch are correct. What is to be done with the case of Enoch Crosby?

We annex Mr. Cooper's own account of the matter:—

"Mr. — had occasion to employ an agent whose services differ but very little from those of a common spy. This man, as will easily be understood, belonged to a condition in life which rendered him the least reluctant to appear in so equivocal a character. He was poor, ignorant, so far as the usual instruction was concerned, but cool, shrewd, and fearless by nature. It was his office to learn in what part of the country the agents of the crown were making their secret efforts to embody men—to repair to the place, enlist, appear zealous in the cause he affected to serve, and otherwise to get possession of as many of the secrets of the enemy as possible. These he of course communicated to his employers, who took all the means in their power to counteract the plans of the English, and frequently with great success. It will readily be conceived that a service like this was attended with great personal hazard. In addition to the danger of discovery, there was the daily risk of falling into the hands of the Americans themselves, who invariably visited sins of this nature more severely on the natives of the country than on the Europeans who fell into their hands. In fact, the agent of Mr. — was several times arrested by the local authorities and in one instance he was actually condemned by his exasperated countrymen to the gallows. Speedy and private orders to his jailer alone saved him from an ignominious death. He was permitted to escape; and this seeming, and indeed actual peril was of great aid in supporting his assumed character among the English. By the Americans, in this little sphere, he was denounced as a bold and inveterate Tory. In this manner, he continued to serve his country in secret during the early years of the struggle, hourly environed by danger, and the constant subject of unmerited opprobrium. In the year — Mr. — was named to a high and honorable employment at a European Court. Before vacating his seat in Congress, he reported to that body an outline of the circumstances related, suppressing the name of his agent, from policy, and demanding an appropriation in behalf of a man who had been at so great personal risk. A suitable sum was voted, and its delivery was confided to the chairman of the secret committee. Mr. — took the necessary means to summon his agent to a personal interview. They met, in a wood, at midnight. Here Mr. — complimented his companion on his fidelity and adroitness, explained the necessity of their communications being closed, and finally tendered the money. The other drew back, and declined receiving it. 'The country has need of all its means,' he said, 'and as for myself, I can work, or gain a livelihood in various ways.' Persuasion was useless, for patriotism was uppermost in the heart of this remarkable individual; and Mr. — departed, bearing with him the gold he had brought, and a deep respect for the man who had so long hazarded his life, unrequited, for the cause they served in common. The writer is under an impression that, at a later day, the agent of Mr. — consented to receive a remuneration for what he had done, but it was not until his country was entirely in a condition to bestow it."

Mr. Cooper himself is ignorant of the Spy's real name. Atlas.

THE BUCKET.

BY SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,

When fond recollection recalls them to view;
The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wild wood,

And every lov'd spot which my infancy knew;
The wide-spreading pond and the mill that stood by it

The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell,

The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And even the rude bucket which hung in the well,

The old oaken bucket—the iron-bound bucket—
The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure,
For often, at noon, when return'd from the field,
I found it the source of such exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.

How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,

And quick to the white pebbled bottom it fell,
That soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness it rose from the well;
The old oaken bucket—the iron-bound bucket—
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As poised on the curb it inclined to my lips;
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,

Though fill'd with the nectar that Jupiter sips;
And now far removed from the lov'd situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my former plantation,
And sighs for the bucket that hangs in the well:
The old oaken bucket—the iron-bound bucket—
The moss-covered bucket that hangs in the well.

From the Boston Traveller.

POLICE.

On Tuesday, a female was brought in on the complaint of another female, for stealing from her dwelling house, some time since, a number of articles. The only witness to prove the fact, was the complainant, whose appearance indicated that she was up to "a thing or two," and whose volubility of speech justified her claim to the privilege of her sex. A young lawyer who undertook the defence of the accused, encountered wits and impudence as keen and collected as his own.

Lawyer.—Will you just be good enough Ma'am, to tell me the precise day when this terrible robbery was committed?

Witness.—There now; that's a pretty question! Why, it was the day arter Artillerian Lecture, so now you may reckon it up yourself, I shant.

Lawyer.—How came you to leave your moveables and valuables exposed to a stranger?

Witness.—Why, you see I went arter my duck; for he'd run away. And while he run, I run arter him. And while I was gone, why, you know, they'd gooe.

Lawyer.—No, I know nothing about it. You must tell me what you know.

Witness.—Oh, I know what I'm about, (and putting her arms akimbo, she threw her head back at an angle of forty five degrees,) it'll take two or three of you to put me down.

Lawyer.—Well, Ma'am and what did you lose?

Witness.—Why, arter I'd done running arter the duck and got home, you see my gold necklace was gone—and my handkercher—and my pocket book—and a one dollar bill on the Union Street Bank.

Lawyer.—You are sure it was the Union Street Bank?

Witness.—To be sure, (in a tone of indignation and contempt.) Dont you suppose, Mister, that I knows Union Street from Court Street?—There now.

Lawyer.—How long has your husband been out of the House of Correction?

Witness.—I dont see what that has to do with it.

Lawyer.—Will you be so good as to tell me what your son was about?

Witness.—Why, he was out doing Masonary, to be sure.

Lawyer.—You are sure he was doing Masonary?

Witness.—Sure? Yes, I'm sure. Oh, I'm well acquainted in Boston. If you've got any thing more to say to me, you may ask. I'm not afeard.

Lawyer.—Was there no one else in the house?

Witness.—Lord, no. How could it be? You see when I had to run arter the duck, I had to leave the house. Hadn't I? Oh I'll speak handsome, and I aint afeard neither.

The fair witness had pitched the key of her voice so high that it now became somewhat unmusical, and she was permitted to sit down. On the examination of other witnesses it appeared that little or no reliance could be laid on her statement, and the respondent was discharged.

From the Englishman's Magazine.

THE THREE HOMES.

"Where is thy home?" I asked a child,
Who, in the morning air,
Was twining flowers most sweet and wild
In garlands for her hair.

"My home," the happy heart replied,
And smiled in childish glee,
"Is on the sunny mountain side,
Where soft winds wander free."

O! blessings fall on artless youth,
And all his rosy hours,
When every word is joy and truth,
And treasures live in flowers!

"Where is thy home?" I asked of one
Who bent with flushing face,
To hear a warrior's tender tone
In the wild wood's secret place;

She spoke not, but her varying cheek
The tale might well impart;
The home of her young spirit neek
Was in a kindred heart.

Ah! souls that well might soar above,
To earth will fondly cling,
And build their hopes on human love,
That light and fragile thing!

"Where is thy home, thou lonely man?"
I asked a pilgrim grey,
Who came, with furrowed brow, and wan
Slow musing on his way.

He paused, and with a solemn mien
Upturned his holy eyes,
"The land I seek thou ne'er hast seen,
My home is in the skies!"

O! blest—thrice blest! the heart must be,
To whom such thoughts are given,
That walks from worldly fetters free;—
Its only home is heaven!

The Farmer's Daughter and Robber.

Some years ago, a farmer living a few miles from Easton, Pa. sent his daughter on horseback to procure from the bank smaller notes in exchange for one of one hundred dollars.

When she arrived there, the bank was shut, and she endeavored to effect her object by offering it at several stores, but could not get her note exchanged. She had not gone far on her return, when a stranger rode up to the side of her horse, and accosted her with so much politeness that she had not the suspicion of any evil intention on his part.

After riding a mile or two, employed in very social conversation, they came to a very retired part of the road, and the gentleman commanded her to give him the bank note.

It was with some difficulty that she could be made to believe him in earnest, as his demeanor had been so very friendly; but the presentation of a pistol placed the matter beyond a doubt, and she yielded to necessity.

Just as she held the note to him, a sudden puff of wind blew it into the road, and carried it gently several yards from them. The discourteous knight alighted to overtake it, and the lady whipped her horse to get out of his power, and the other horse, which had been standing by her side started off with her.

His owner fired a pistol, which only tended to increase the speed of all parties, and the lady arrived safely at home with the horse of the robber, on which was a pair of saddle-bags.

When these were opened, they were found to contain, besides a quantity of counterfeit bank notes, fifteen hundred dollars good money!

The horse was a good one, and when saddled and bridled, was thought to be worth as much as the bank note that was stolen.

A good Lawyer must be a bold one. An anecdote is related of JEFFREY, the great Scotch advocate, to the following effect. A baronet had brought an action, in one of the Scottish courts, in which he showed, in his great anxiety to gain his point, the most reckless disregard of all honorable or moral restraints.

This person had sat in court unblushingly, during a long exposure of his nefarious conduct; and Jeffrey, than whom no man has a nicer feeling of honor, had worked himself up to a pitch of towering indignation. He rose, and commenced in his usual subdued manner:—"My Lords: there is no person who entertains a higher respect for the English aristocracy than I do, or who would feel more loth to say any thing that could hurt the feelings or injure the reputation of any one individual member of that illustrious body; but after all we have this day heard, I feel myself warranted in saying (here he turned round, faced the plaintiff, who was seated behind him, and fixing upon him a cold, firm look, proceeded in a low, determined voice.)—that Sir — has clearly shown himself to be a notorious liar and common swindler."

The whole audience was startled; but so justly had the rebuke been merited, that not a murmur of remonstrance was heard. The man, who had carelessly borne the disclosures of his iniquity, quailed beneath the eye of the speaker, fidgeted in his seat for a few moments, then rose and left the court.

Reputation. Reputation is every thing in the world. It is the paper currency of life;—of much more personal convenience than weighty and cumbersome reality. The methods and short-cuts to this attainment are various:—Would you be thought patriotic? talk loud and often of your sensitive regard for the interests of your country;—pledge your "life, fortune and sacred honor";—you will probably never be called upon to make the sacrifice.

Would you be thought a hard student, and learned,—be seen walking through the streets, often, with a great book in hand, it is far easier to carry knowledge under the arm than in the head; and walking is a more healthy than sedentary study. Is the reputation of piety your wish? look more to the hearts of others than your own;—make long and loud prayers with your windows open. Would you be a business man—thriving,—rich? Bustle;—talk of the pressure of business,—of your gains, stocks, dividends, &c. You will get credit in this way, and most of the advantages of wealth, without its weight and all the anxiety of mind it brings along with it.

Salem Observer.

THE WIFE OF THE POLISH PATRIOT.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DEMON SHIP."

It was on the night of the memorable 14th September, 1812, that Aimee Ladoinski stood watching from her window the advancing troops of the great Emperor of the west, as they pushed their way through the silent and deserted streets of Moscow. The French were entering as victors. But it was not this circumstance—although Aimee was a native of France—which caused her bosom to throb high with expectation. Her husband had been a Polish settler at Moscow, but on the first news of an insurrection in his native land, had hastily, and in disguise, quitted the Russian capital, and repaired to what he deemed the scene of his country's political regeneration; and now, in the armed train of the conqueror, he was returning as a victor to the captured metropolis of his country's oppressor. To Aimee's inexperienced eye, it seemed as if those long files were interminable—as if western Europe had poured her whole population into the drear and uninviting dominions of the Czars. It was almost nightfall ere the tread of arms in Aimee's dwelling, and the sound of a voice, commanding, in a stern tone of discipline, the orderly conduct of his military followers, announced the arrival of Captain Ladoinski. After the first emotions of meeting were over, and while the patriot fondly eyed his wife and boy, the young Frenchwoman began to scan with anxious affection the tall form and manly features of her husband. "The helmet has worn the hair from my brow," said the Pole, unconsciously answering her looks, "and that gives a lengthened and sharp appearance to the features." "Have I said that I mark a change in years?" asked his wife, keeping on him the same uneasy regard: "but wherefore is this arm bound?" "And thou askest a Polish soldier wherefore he wears a bandage!" said the husband, endeavoring to laugh; "ask him why he carries a lance or musket. But you shall look at this awful wound, which casts such a cloud on that fair brow; and let my boy be present, that he may see betimes how lightly a patriot holds a patriot's wound; and that he may learn, like a soldier's son, to look boldly and unblanchingly on blood that is spilled in the cause of justice." The husband half-jested; but bandage, and lint, and linen were soon in the wife's hand. "Now I grow dainty, and know not how to resist this temptation!" and the soldier, as turning his back to Aimee he unrolled a binding of parchment, and removed a dressing of moss from his arm. They could not escape the vigilant observation of Aimee. "And these," she said, shuddering, "are all the alleviations which your wretched hospital provision affords to suffering bravery?" "And enough, too," answered Roman Ladoinski; "soldiers are not the soft wretches to fear a little rubbing in this world's wild warfare." He added, with an involuntary look of seriousness, if not gloom, "Would to heaven that I had been the only, or even the worst sufferer, through that Scythian desert of Scythian monsters, which we have traversed!—would to heaven that the Russian sword had anticipated the weary work of famine, which her hungry lands have beheld in our hosts!"

Night fell, and the boy sank to sleep in his father's arms; while the soldier, as he sat by the expiring embers of the fire, conversing with his wife, sunk his voice to a half-whisper, in order not to disturb the childish slumbering of his little son. The undertone in which they spoke, the quiet of the chamber, and even the partial obscurity in which it was enveloped, seemed to impart repose to the spirit of the soldier, and confidence to that of his wife.

Suddenly, the ceiling of the apartment glowed with a momentary and ruddy light. Aimee started. The light died away, and she resumed her gentle-toned discourse. Again that fierce and lurid glow shone into the chamber, broader and redder than before, and so as to show in ruddy and minute brightness every article of furniture in the apartment, and the features of its wondering occupants. It shone on the roused and determined visage of the soldier, shed a ruddy hue on the ashy countenance of his wife, and played, like an infernal light, round the cheek of a cherub, on that innocent and slumbering boy. Even the lance of the Pole, which stood in an angle of the apartment, glanced brightly in the sudden blaze. "Well said—well said!" exclaimed Ladoinski, dauntlessly, and even gaily, addressing his characteristic weapon—"thou has not shone out thy appeal

* It is proper that the reader should be informed that this sketch is not a fictitious narrative of adventures, but that it is derived from a personal knowledge of the lady whose escape it records. Nor has the writer found it necessary to have the slightest recourse to caricature, in the description of the remarkable interview with two distinguished persons at Smolensk.

in vain; thy hint is kindly given." He was speedily armed, and preparing to sally forth, when an order from the French sovereign commanding the troops in that direction to keep their quarters, relieved the fears of Aimee.

It is not necessary to inflict upon the reader a lengthened description of a scene so well known, and so often described, as the famous conflagration of Moscow. The blazing streets and palaces of the proud Russian capital are only here glanced at, as an introduction to the character of the humble Aimee Ladoinski.

With no reckless or unwondering eye, it may easily be imagined, did she stand gazing (on the fearful night of the 15th) over that awful city, which wildly blazed, like one unbroken sheet of fire, only varied by the inequalities of the buildings which fed its flames. "Alas!" said Aimee, "alas! for the mad ambition of man, that can drag thousands of his fellow-beings over weary Scythian wastes—like those you have traversed—to behold, as their reward, the destruction of this fair city. Oh! turn, my beloved Roman—turn, from following the care of this heartless victor. Sheath the sword, which may serve indeed for the despot's aggrandizement, but can hardly accomplish the liberty of your country." "Oh, believe me, Aimee," said the soldier, "it is no light cause that has roused your husband to arms; no senseless admiration of the dazzling qualities of yon brilliant man; no boyish transport at wielding a lance; no egotistical ambition cowering beneath the cloak of patriotism. The height of my personal ambition is to behold the day when I need not blush and hang my head to call myself a Pole. But mark, mark, how you sea of fire rises and roars, covering, as to us it now seems, the face of the earth, and mingling with the clouds of heaven!" "Merciful God!" ejaculated Aimee, "can even the judgment of the great and terrible day show more fearful than this portentous night?—Hark! the crackling and thundering come nearer and nearer, and the light waxes brighter and still more bright. The whole atmosphere seems alive with lurid sparks and burning brands. See, see! they begin to fall, thick as snow flakes, on our quarter!" "The fire has assuredly reached us," said the Pole calmly; "your safety, my Aimee, must be thought of. For me, I leave not the post assigned me without military orders." "Then I remain with you," said Aimee, in a steady and immovable voice. "And the child," said the Pole, looking on his son—"shall I send him away in this night of confusion, without a mother's protection?" "Alas!" exclaimed the young mother, "he must not remain to perish—he must not go forth without a parent's guidance. God direct me!" She looked alternately at her husband and her boy, who was clinging to her garments, and screamed with childish terror—then said, in a tone from which there seemed no appeal, "We all remain!" Aimee's determination was happily only destined to prove to the Pole the strength of her conjugal devotion; for ere he could exercise a husband's authority over his gentle and delicate, but high-souled wife, an order for the evacuation of the city arrived from head-quarters.

With difficulty the party reached the suburbs through streets of flame, showers of burning brands, and an atmosphere which almost threatened suffocation. Ere they reached their destination, the Pole cast a farewell glance on the ruined and blazing capital. "Hail! proud Moscow," he said, "the hand of Heaven's vengeance hath slumbered long, but hath, at length, found thee. Go to—thou art visited for thy sins. Remember captured Warsaw."

In the fearful month of November, 1812, the gentle and delicate Aimee found herself seated in a baggage-wagon, amidst stores and spoil, and wounded men, carelessly huddled together, while the latter craved in vain either for death or professional assistance. It is well known that most of the French residents in Moscow, either from dread of the indiscriminating vengeance of the Russians, or from divers motives, accompanied the French army in its disastrous retreat on Poland. Among these was Aimee Ladoinski, who, in the situation we have described, supported on her knees the head of her wounded and half-senseless husband; while she still pressed to her bosom the child, whose feeble cry of cold and hunger often died away into a sleep, from which even his mother was sometimes fain to arouse him, lest the merciless rigor of the night should produce the frozen slumber of death. Ladoinski had received a sabre cut in heading a brave skirmish on the preceding day. Sometimes she hoped it might be trivial—often she feared it would prove mortal—but still she busied herself in changing her husband's posture, in chafing his limbs, in listening to his intermittent respiration. The

road they were travelling was encumbered by stragglers, unable to keep up with the main body, by abandoned artillery, and by baggage-wagons, whose horses were fast falling under cold, fatigue, and want of forage. Smolensk, whither they were destined, was, however, the watch-word which still kept alive the courage and hopes of the exhausted troops. At length the vehicle which contained the Pole and his family suddenly stopped. Aimee heard others still crawling on their miserable journey, but theirs moved not. A strange misgiving almost crushed for a moment the heart of Aimee. She listened, and at length all seemed silence around them. It is a well known fact, that many of the wretched sufferers, whose wounded bodies were placed in the wains, laden with military stores or the spoils of Moscow, met an untimely fate from the hands of the sordid drivers. These fiends, loitering behind in unfrequented places, relieved themselves, by murder, of the care of the helpless beings, who only retarded their progress, and increased the weight of their wagons. Perhaps some faint report of those practices recurred to the mind of Aimee as the silence deepened around her. She listened yet more attentively. "Not yet," said a voice: "perhaps there be others behind us." What the responsive voice uttered, Aimee could not distinctly hear; but the concluding words were—"a kinder act to finish them, than to leave them to the tender mercies of such a night, or the pike of the Cossack." Aimee's blood ran cold: she pressed her husband and child closer to her, and then softly looked out from the solitary wain to see if any aid yet remained in view. The moon, shining sickly through a northern haze, showed one drear sheet of snow, broken into inequalities only by the fallen bodies of men and horses, which the descending flakes were fast covering. Nothing was to be seen but here and there (at a distance that forbade the reach of a voice) a dark spot or two which might indicate a crawling wain, or body of re-collecting stragglers; and nothing was to be heard save, from time to time, a faint and far-off yell of some descending cloud of Cossacks falling on the hapless, lagging remains of a French corps. The pitiless northern blast drove blinding storms of sleet and snow into the covered vehicle as Aimee looked forth. But her feelings of horror gradually sobered down. Aimee was surprised—at first almost startled—to find how little they affected her. She tried to rouse herself—to think of some appeal by which she might move the steel bosom of the wain drivers; but a languid dislike to exertion stole over her. Her attention to her beloved Roman changed to a feeling of indifference; her hold on her boy loosened, and the devoted Aimee began to lapse into that cold and benumbing slumber which, in those frigid regions, so often precedes the deep and final repose of the sleeper.

Such might have proved the dreamless slumber of Aimee Ladoinski; but she was roused by the violent forcing of some cordial down her throat. Aimee once more opened her eyes. She was still seated in the wain; but the rising sun was reddening with his slanting and wintry beams the drear and unbroken sheet of snow which stretched behind her, while its rays tinged with a cold and sickly crimson the minarets and half-ruined buildings of a partially dismantled city which lay before her. This city was Smolensk, a depot of the French army, and the longed-for object of its miserable and half-starved stragglers.

In a detachment which was sent out to reconnoitre the coming crowd of phantoms, were several individuals who, with or without authority, visited the baggage-wagons of their newly arrived compatriots—"Why, here is a woman!" exclaimed a young French cornet, who, with a companion or two, had entered the wain where Aimee was sitting stiff, erect, and senseless. "Here is a young woman, and, by heavens, a fair and delicate one. How came such commodity, I wonder, in this military wain; and a little boy—and alive too! How could so tender a thing weather out the last fearful night? But, soft, she breathes. 'Gad, I'm Frenchman enough not to leave such pretty stuff to perish for want of a taste of my pocket-pistol!" He tried to pour some brandy from a small bottle down her throat. "Gad, her white teeth are set as close as a French column. I am sorry to use force, madam; but you shan't die for want of a little muscular exertion on my part. So—there's nothing like Cognac—she's coming to, I perceive."

Aimee and her boy were lifted from the wain, and quickly moved forward through the noisy and increasing throng. "Why, this is the wife of Captain Ladoinski," said one of his companions, "I have seen her in better times and in sifter company. I know her by her delicate features and complexion.—She is certainly the wife of Ro-

man Ladoinski."—"Say rather his widow," observed a passing straggler; "for I saw Captain Ladoinski thrown into the cart with her yesterday, and neither he nor his companions are now to be found."—"Died of his wounds said the first speaker, carelessly, "or was perhaps disposed of by the wain-drivers, who had still enough French blood left, unfrozen by this savage climate, not to lay their hands on a woman—and such a fair one too." The last words finished the work of resuscitation in the hapless wife. Arrived at the cornet's quarters—"My husband, my husband!" she exclaimed, looking wildly round, yet still grasping her boy, as if he was rendered dearer by the fear of other bereavements; "Ye look like Frenchmen, and should be tender and pitiful to a despairing woman!" The young officers protested their ignorance of her husband's fate, and declared that the wain-drivers had disappeared ere they commenced their search of the wagon, in which they had found no living creature save herself and the child. There was a something in Aimee's appearance and manner, which, combined with the circumstance of her being the wife of an officer in the same service as themselves, imposed a sort of respect on the Frenchmen. They were, moreover, affected by her beauty, her singular situation, and deep distress; and in order to institute an inquiry into the fate of Ladoinski, they succeeded in obtaining for their fair protegee an interview with two of the most potential personages who conducted the celebrated retreat from Moscow. Aimee had now spent two days of fear and anguish at Smolensk, and she received this news with grateful joy, not unmingled with surprise. It was, however, at this period of affairs generally seen, that the special protection of the Poles, in whose country France could now alone hope for friendly shelter, was a necessary and prime act of policy on the part of the French commanders.

With a beating heart, and still holding her boy in her arms, the delicate and timid, but more courageous Aimee, was conducted to a palace, the exterior of which was still black with recent conflagrations, and its once strong towers evidently nodding to speedy downfall. Not without ceremony, Aimee was ushered into an apartment whose walls were partially consumed at one end, while at the other it was occupied by splendid, but disorderly and half-scorched furniture. In this apartment two general officers were standing, engaged, as it seemed, in the very undignified task of tearing from time to time some pieces of black bread from a single loaf which lay on a bare table, and beside which stood a flask of brandy, whose contents, as no cup or glass was visible, could only have been obtained by a direct application of the lips of the princely quaffers. One of these officers was considerably above the middle stature, and, at first sight, presented an exterior striking, and even noble; but on a minutest inspection, perhaps his face appeared rather showy than regularly handsome, and his mien and person more dashing than dignified. Both his figure and countenance had evidently experienced greater injury from recent fatigue and privation than their owner was either willing to think himself, or acknowledged to others. His dress was clearly still an object of attention, and was eminently calculated to show off to the best advantage the handsome and martial form it enveloped. The second personage, though far from undersized, was somewhat below the stature of his companion, and possessed a countenance comely, prepossessing, and of a milder expression than that of his compeer in arms. He had not the decidedly military and showy bearing of his brother mareschal—in whose countenance an air of audacity, and even effrontery, was mingled with the unquestionable bravery that characterized it; but in intellectuality of expression, and in a certain firmness, which seemed to result rather from greater depth of character than from any physical advantage, he was evidently the superior of his companion. To the air of one accustomed to martial authority, was added a certain courteous suavity of manner, which indicated the gentleman as well as the soldier.

[These personages being no other than Murat, king of Naples, and Prince Eugene Beauharnois, Viceroy of Italy, under Napoleon. Aimee was provided with the best conveyance the retreating army afforded, that of a baggage wagon.]

It would be tedious to give a detailed account of the sufferings and privations of Aimee through the perilous journey she had undertaken. The Grand French Army—or rather its miserable and ghastly phantom—was now traversing snow-clogged and dismal forests, in order to attempt the famous, but fatal passage of the Berezina. The Imperial order for the destruction of half the baggage-wagons, and the large demand for

draught horses and oxen, destined to the higher task of bringing forward artillery, were so many obstructions to the progress of our young widow, but Eugene's protection still secured her a vehicle, and the knowledge that they were fast nearing the frontiers of Poland, where she hoped to find friends and a home for her boy, shed a sickly gleam of hope into a heart where earthly desires and expectations had one by one set in a night of the thickest dejection, yet the meekest resignation. Aimee sat erect in the heavy vehicle, listening to the shouts which hailed the arrival of the unexpected reinforcement of the army of Mareschal Victor. She administered a slight refreshment of black bread to her boy, whose sharp and lengthening features had lost the cherub roundness that formerly excited a mother's pride.

While they were thus engaged, the grand army continued to file in spectral procession along the ranks of the newly arrived battalions of Mareschal Victor. As they passed, a voice said, in Polish, "Forward, lancers!" Aimee started—she looked from the wain—then rescating herself, murmured, "What a delusion!" But the sight of the child—his food dropped, his head thrown back, and his lips, in the attitude of a listener—was even more strangely startling to Aimee. She addressed the child, but he motioned silence, and with an ear still bent towards the passing troops, softly ejaculated, "Father!"—The columns quickly marched on. The boy, with childish forgetfulness, resumed his food; and Aimee, after vainly essaying to question the drivers, or the passers, could only say, "Never did accents of the living sound so like the voice which is stifled in yon grave of snow wreaths." She paused for a moment; then, answering her own thoughts, said again, "No—no—it is impossible. By what miracle could he have reached the army of Victor? The fortunate Mareschal had left Smolensk ere our straggling, wretched hosts entered it."

The French reached Studzianka, on the left bank of the Beresina. Aimee felt that the turning-point which must decide the fate of herself and her boy, was arrived. On the effecting of that passage depended all her hopes of freedom—of life, but still thoughts of that voice haunted her mind. Unable to obtain any information from those wholly uninterested in her queries, she prepared her usual couch in the comfortless wain. All that night she could hear the noise of the workmen engaged in the fabrication of those bridges over which the troops were to effect their dangerous passage on the succeeding day. Aimee's dreams were naturally of terror and blood; and, as a shout of triumph at length aroused her senses, her arms were instinctively twined round her child. She eagerly looked from their vehicle. The sun had scarcely risen; but by the faint rays of a dawning, whose twilight was rendered stronger by drear sheets of snow which covered the ground, she could descry the dreaded forces of the enemy in full retreat from the opposite bank of the river. Aimee fell on her knees; she poured out her heart in thankfulness; and taking the little wain hands of the wasted child, clasped them between her own, and held them together towards heaven with a speechless fervency of gratitude, which awed the boy into innocent and wondering silence. She continued to gaze on the hosts of cavalry who were crowding towards the Beresina, and without waiting for the completion of the bridges, were swimming their horses across the river, in order to obtain such a footing on the opposite bank as should enable them to protect the passage of their comrades. At length the bridges were completed; and ceaseless files of soldiers continued to pass over them. Aimee watched them with a beating heart, hoping that the safe transfer of each column rendered much nearer the time of her own passage.

About noon a shot proclaimed that the Emperor and his guard had gained the right bank of the Beresina. At this moment the van of the diminished army of Prince Eugene pressed towards the river; but ere their generous chief prepared for his own passage, he appeared for a moment at Aimee's vehicle. Even in the hurry of that crisis, his brief word of inquiry after her welfare was addressed with his usual easy yet respectful courtesy; but there was less of the proud, military bloom of a defeated Frenchman, and more of hope and animation on his countenance, than Aimee had ever before marked in it. "A few hours of further privation, Madam—a little more patience," he said in a tone of manly encouragement—"and your troubles will, I hope, be ended."

The unexpected and impolitic retreat of the Russians, and the hitherto successful passage of the troops, now caused many a heart, which on the preceding night had sunk in despondency, to beat with the renewed animation of hope. But these

hopes became trembling and confused, when news arrived that the Russians, aware of their error in abandoning the advantageous point of the Beresina they had so recently occupied, were advancing in full force on both sides of the river. Terror now overpowered every consideration, either of cupidity or humanity, in the bosoms of Aimee's protectors. Several drivers entered the wain, and forcibly dragged from it all those shivering beings who had so long found it a refuge. Aimee remonstrated, and spoke of Prince Eugene; but was told that he was with his imperial father on the other side of the river, and had other things to do than to look after those who only encumbered the march of the army. Aimee who had so often, either directly or indirectly, experienced the benefits of the Viceroy's protection, now began to feel herself wholly abandoned; she saw it was idle to expect that the princely general called on as he was by the imperious duties of his military office, could do more than issue orders for her safety, which, in the increasing confusion of the moment, might be disobeyed with impunity. Brutally forced from the refuge Eugene had assigned her, Aimee joined that crowd of hapless and despairing stragglers of every age and sex, who thronged behind the forces of Victor, and afraid either to remain on the fatal left bank, or attempt the crushed passage of the bridges, wandered, in shivering and depending uncertainty, along the borders of the river. At this moment there was a peculiar and ominous movement in the French rear-guard. The yells of the approaching enemy were distinctly heard. Then came the heavy fire of the charging columns, returned in rolling thunder by the French lines of defence. These lines, however, still formed a barrier between the fugitives and the advance-guard of the Russians; and it was not until the former began evidently to give way that Aimee deemed all lost. The Russian cannon became nearer, deeper, and more incessant. The balls which passed through the French host whistled by her, and the shrieks of falling wretches rang in her ears.

It was now that that fearful and fatal rush of passengers to the bridges took place. Aimee saw crowds of fugitives, abandoned by every feeling save that of wild personal terror, throng on those treacherous passages. Then came the well-remembered tempest, which—after slowly collecting its elementary fury in the early part of the day—at length burst from the indignant heavens, and held, as it seemed, a wild conflict for superiority with the rage of the battle-storm beneath. Each moment, when the hurricane in its wild career, swept away the smoke of the contending armies, Aimee could see the feeble victim which choked the bridges, gasping beneath the feet of the stronger passengers, crushed among heavy wains and artillery, or—more fearful still—hurled into the waters by the half-cruel, half-madly despairing struggles of those whose physical strength enabled them to fling aside all obstacles to their own passage. With the resolution of one who held life forfeited, Aimee resolved to remain in her present awful situation rather than venture amid that despairing throng. She laid the boy down to avoid the balls which fell thicker and thicker, among the dispersing crowd, and threw herself almost upon the child. At this moment the same voice that had before made Aimee's heart leap within her bosom, again reached her ears:—"Stand, Lancers, stand! Let not yon wolf-dogs drive your horses over these miserable fugitives." Aimee looked up. Another fierce sweep of the tempest dispersed, as if in haughty scorn, the dense volumes of smoke which hung, like a black cloud, on the charging columns. God of mercy! Aimee beheld either the phantom or living form of her husband! He was endeavoring to rally a regiment of his compatriots; and called on them, in the name of military eloquence and high courage, to stand by their colors. His helm was up—his face warm with exertion; his eye shone, keen, bright and stern, as if no gentler thoughts than those of war had ever animated that bosom. The flush of military spirit and physical exertion had banished for the moment, the traces of wounds, fatigue and privation.

That eye alone was changed, and its stern warrior glance almost inspired with fear the gentle and enduring being who now strove to make her voice heard through the din of the fight, and the wild uproar of the elements. "O Ladoinski—my love—my husband!—turn—turn! It is I—it is Aimee—it is your wife who calls on you!" She called in vain. Roman turned not—gazed not. The spirit of the soldier seemed alone awake in the Pole. He looked at that moment, as if no tender feeling—no thought of Aimee, occupied his bosom. For one instant it almost seemed to the wife as if her husband would not hear. He rallied his broken forces, and called out gallantly, "Lan-

cers, forward! For God and Poland! Remember her who now lies with a Cossack's pike in her breast beneath the snow-wreaths!" and he disappeared in the retreating smoke.

Day now waned; and the troops of Victor, after having nearly accomplished their unparalleled task of protecting the famous retreat across the Beresina, at length began to give ground. Aimee saw that she must now, at all hazards, attempt the perilous passage, or remain behind a prey to the lawless Russian victor. With trembling and uncertain step, she endeavored to gain the largest bridge; but the banks of the river were here so crowded that she drew back in consternation, and, again throwing the child on the ground, watched beside it, rather with the instinct of maternal tenderness, than with any fixed hope of ultimately preserving its life. Suddenly, the largest bridge was seen to give a fearful swerve—then a portentous bend towards the waters. A noise of rending, which made the ground tremble, succeeded; and Aimee beheld the fatal bridge, and all its living, shrieking burden, descend with crashing violence into the icy waters of the Beresina, while a stifled cry of wailing arose from those living descendants to a watery tomb—so wild, despairing, and fearful, that for a moment, Aimee deemed the hour of man's retribution at hand.

Night closed on the slayer and the slain—on the victor and vanquished; but the thunder of the Russian artillery ceased not its dismal roll while the noise of the French troops, still pouring in restless files over the remaining bridge, showed Aimee that the desperate passage was still continued. She began to fear that her senses were fast yielding to the horrors that surrounded her; and she now no longer prayed for preservation, but for death.

A streak or two of dawn at length began faintly to light upon the snow-covered margin of the river. The Russian forces were now so near the bridge, that perhaps but a short half-hour's remaining opportunity of passage might be offered her. Aimee once more endeavored to gain the bridge; the falling balls of the foe again arrested her progress. Still—aware that the hour of irrevocable decision was arrived—she pressed forward. And now, mingled with the diminished fugitives, her foot was half on the bridge; but a sudden cry of warning arose from the last column of French, which had gained the opposite banks; "Back, back! Yield yourself to the Russians! Back, back!" Perhaps aware of the fatal meaning of their compatriots, or easily subjected to every new terror, the wretched refugees, cut off from their last hope, fell back with mechanic simultaneousness on the enemy; while a sound of grounding arms—voices imploring mercy—stifled moans of victims who found none—and the close yells of triumph, told Aimee that they were at length among the Cossacks. She gave a last, a despairing look, towards the bridge; it was crackling and blazing in the flames, by which the French had endeavored to cut off the pursuit of their enemy. In the unutterable hurley-burley which followed, Aimee, still pressing the child to her bosom endeavored to extricate herself from the shrieking victims and the ruthless conqueror; and, rushing precipitately along the borders of the river, sought a vain refuge in flight. The Cossacks, instead of pressing on their enemy, dispersed in every direction, more anxious to obtain solid booty than empty honor. Aimee, scarcely knowing what she sought—what she hoped for—continued, with some other hapless fugitives, her panting and useless flight along the margin of the Beresina. They were naturally pursued by the Seythian victor. Aimee, with desperate resolution, tied the child to her, and made towards the waters. They were deep—no matter. The stoutest might scarce hope to gain the opposite bank; she reckoned not.

Anything was better than becoming the prey of the victor—any thing preferable to life and separation from her child. She had nearly gained the fatal stream. Two other lives would that morning have been added to its fearful host of victims; but, overpowered by her own exertions and the weight of her precious burden, Aimee sank to the earth. Her person was rudely seized. Words, which seemed more appallingly barbarous from their utterance in a foreign tongue, sounded in her ears. She shrieked with a wild agony of terror, to which she had hitherto been comparatively a stranger. Perhaps her cries reached the chief of a small body of French cavalry, which had been the last in quitting the dangerous post of protecting the retreat, and were now plunging their horses into the Beresina, apparently preferring the danger of a swimming passage to the other alternative of surrender and captivity. "What, ho, comrades!" exclaimed the voice of their chief, as,

wheeling his charger, he forced it, with returning step, up the left bank of the river—"What, ho! charge these scattered plunderers! To the rescue! They are women that cry to us—our horses are strong enough to bear such light burdens. Back, back, lawless baddits! To the river, brave comrades, to the river!" Like one in a dream, Aimee heard the parting hoofs of the dispersed Cossack-chargers; found herself placed on a horse before the gallant captain; and discovered, by a heavy plunge in the water, that she was about to make that fearful passage of the Beresina, from which she had all night recoiled with horror. Aimee's cloak had half fallen from her shoulders. Her own countenance, and the face of the boy who was bound to her bosom, were relieved to her brave deliverer. She was deprived of speech—of motion. Shots rattled around her like hail-stones, and fell with ceaseless pattering into the waters; while, from time to time, a heavier plash announced the sinking of some hapless being, the victim either of the enemy's fire, or of his own steed's exhaustion. The noble, but half-worn-down charger of Aimee's protector, sometimes gallantly battled with the current; sometimes so nearly sunk beneath his burden, that the water broke over his saddle-bow, and almost enveloped the persons of the mother and her boy. But Aimee—powerless, motionless—scarcely alive save to one absorbing emotion—felt that that swimming steed supported with his failing strength the whole family of Ladoinski; she felt that she was pressed to the bosom of her husband, while the child of so much care and anxiety reclined against her own. A consciousness of more straining exertion on the part of the animal that bore her, at length convinced Aimee that he was pushing his way up the long desired right bank of the Beresina! The sound of splashing died away; and she felt that they were quitting its fatal margin for ever.

It was about seven years after this period that the narrator, travelling in one of the smaller principalities of Germany, obtained an introduction to Eugene de Beauharnois, the son-in-law of the mighty Emperor of the west, and the former viceregal possessor of the fair province of northern Italy. The prince was then residing in a private situation, but honored with the respect and consideration of all parties. At his residence I met the Pole, his devoted wife, and their precociously intelligent son. From their own lips I received the particulars here related. They were given with glowing gratitude of expression in the presence of the ex-Viceroy himself, through whose further intervention Ladoinski and Aimee reached the Prussian frontier in safety. I have deemed it an act of justice to the fallen potentate to relate a circumstance, so honorable to his character, with as little departure from the dryness of truth as possible. Perhaps it is a fact not unworthy of record, that the drivers with the wain that should have conveyed Aimee across the Beresina, perished in the fatal crash of the large bridge which precipitated such numbers into an icy grave. The manner in which Roman (left for dead on the road to Smolensk) was resuscitated by a party of compatriots, and the mode by which he contrived to join Victor's division, would of themselves make a much better romance than the narrative just related. It is a singular fact, however, that Ladoinski was in Smolensk before the arrival of Aimee, and only consented to leave it when informed that her murdered body, with the corpse of his little son, was stretched cold and stiff, on the fatal high-road from Moscow—Roman followed the standard of his wife's protector, when Eugene, in his viceregal dominions, made head against the Austrians, whom Ladoinski regarded as the joint enemies with Russia of Polish independence; and when Beauharnois' successful campaigns drove that prince into obscurity, Roman retired with him to the same privacy, and, peacefully occupied in the bosom of his family, determined only to resume his lance when it could immediately, and with rational prospect of success, serve the cause of his country.

Singular case of Hydrophobia.—A painful and singular event has recently taken place in a *Commune* near Pithiviers. A lad about 15 years old, of the name of Lesourd, born at Meung, near Orleans, was bitten a year ago, by a mad dog, and immediately afterwards symptoms of hydrophobia were perceptible.—He was taken to the hospital at Orleans, where he was attended by Dr. Leveque, and in a short time, was sent away, as was supposed, perfectly cured. Last Sunday Lesourd came to Marsainvilliers, where he commenced begging with his brother. Either want, or the fatigue of a long journey had opened his wounds afresh, or his cure was not complete, for all on a sudden the unfortunate boy was seized with a violent paroxysm of

madness, and attacked his brother, who, frightened as he was, managed to beat him off with a stick. He then threw himself on a cow and calf which were passing, and lacerated both in an extraordinary manner. The cries of his brother and the roar of the animals, compelled him to let go his victims; and he crept along the road till he came to a quick-set hedge, the roots of which he gnawed with the greatest avidity; and next, getting up, he ran into a neighboring wood.

The National Guard being called out in consequence of information given by his brother, went in search of him, and he was found near a tree, his eyes inflamed, his mouth covered with foam and with blood, his features changed and haggard, biting deliciously at the branches within his reach. Every one was afraid to go near him, and some new accident was apprehended; but whilst those in pursuit of him were consulting as to the best method of securing him, the expression of his countenance changed, he wept bitterly and went up to his brother, asking him for bread. To avoid further danger, he was tied down in a wagon, which took him to Philadelphia.

Here he was placed in an airy room, and every attention shown to him, that his situation required. He related to Dr. Auger, all that he had suffered during this paroxysm of madness, and was extremely distressed in mind. He asked to be taken back to the hospital at Orleans, where he said M. Leveque would cure him again. Notwithstanding he now appears so much better, there is reason to fear that he will eventually sink under a disorder of which the seeds are evidently in his blood.

Paris Paper.

WRITING.

G. ELY, Professor of Penmanship, 174 Broadway, considers it due to himself and the Art for which he alone has received the first premium, ever granted in this country, to caution those L. dies and Gentlemen who usually come to New-York at this season, against the imposition practised by some men in this city, who profess to be masters in the Art, with the same justice as empires of other professions pretend to valuable secrets of which in their own cases they cannot avail themselves. If they can instruct others to write, why not write themselves! But they pretend to say that though they cannot execute beautiful specimens with Ely—yet they can **TEACH** all that a Merchant or a Gentleman can want to know of Penmanship.

This is not true in fact. A Gentleman or a Merchant need not be able to execute specimens of penmanship with a professor, but he ought to be perfect master of his pen; and this can be acquired in an eminent degree only from him who is perfect in the art himself. Ignorance is always mysterious. Hence the absurd jargon of pretended professors of penmanship about Angular and Anti Angular, Cartesian and improved Cartesian systems. Writing is merely a mechanical art, and he who has the use of his hands, arms and fingers, can write as well as Ely, if he follows the simple rules laid down by him for the acquisition of the art.

Of his efficiency Ely is ready to give eminent proofs in the following document:

We are acquainted with Mr. G. ELY, Writing Master of this city, and have no hesitation in pronouncing him as a person unsurpassed in this country; the facility with which he executes the most beautiful and difficult specimens, is not only astonishing, but in our opinion unrivalled. As a teacher he possesses every necessary qualification, and being a citizen and fixed resident here, we take pleasure in commending him to the patronage of his countrymen and the public, in the assurance that every reasonable expectation of parents and pupils will be gratified.

Richard Riker, Recorder.

J. Hammond.

Cyrus Perkins, M. D.

W. Seaman, Alderman of the 7th Ward.

N. Dean, Clerk of the City and County of N. Y.

Richard Hatfield, Clerk of the Sessions.

Abraham Astor.

New-York, 24th March, 1831. tf

U. S. CAP MANUFACTORY, OLD ESTABLISHMENT.

NO. 102 WILLIAM-STREET.

LUKE DAVIES informs his friends and the public, that he continues to manufacture CAPS for Gentlemen, Youths, and Infants, at his old established Store, No. 102 William-street and No. 12 Arcade, where he keeps constantly on hand an extensive assortment of CAPS, STOCKS, CRAVAT STIFFENERS, PANTALON-STRAIPS and SPRINGS, VEST SPRINGS, SUSPENDERS, GLOVES, &c. &c. Manufactured under his own inspection, and of the best Materials. He has also his New Pattern Caps for the Spring and Summer, now ready for inspection. He also continues to manufacture Glaz'd and Oil'd SILKS, of superior quality; Glaz'd MUSLINS and Oil'd LINEN, Patent Leather, &c.

Officers of the Navy and Army supplied with the most approved pattern Caps at the shortest notice.

N. B. All orders punctually attended to.

March 20

tf

FURNACES.

FOR warming Buildings with Rarefied Air, set up on the most approved principle, and in the neatest manner. Grates, Kitchen Furnaces of every description, by

JAMES SAERS.

Feb. 19.

14

No. 33 Chapel-street.

J. B. STOUT & CO. Visiting, Official, and Mercantile Card Engravers and Printers, Consular Society, and Counting House Seal Cutters, No. 3 Wall-st.

Coffin Plates Engraved at 2 hours' notice. June 2

WANTED.

FEMALE PARTNER. by a Man of unexceptionable habits, not rich, but possessed of a good business—does not wish to mingle much in company, and he takes this method, and will accept proposals until suited. The candidate must state her conditions and circumstances in life, and must be a healthful, chaste person, of cheerful disposition, and of age between 20 and 40 years, and understand housekeeping. Communications in the hand writing of the person, with real name, and place and time named for interview. will meet with prompt attention, and implicit confidence may be relied on. Address Mr. Caross, New York, through the Post Office.

3rd June 25

CASTLE GARDEN BATH.

THE public are informed that the large and superior Salt Water Floating Bath has taken her station for the season at the bridge leading to Castle Garden, in fine pure water. This Bath is intended for gentlemen and ladies. The ladies having two days in each week entirely devoted to themselves, until 6 o'clock in the evening. They will also have private Baths every day in the week for subscribers, and those coming with subscribers.

The PUBLIC BATH will also take her station in a few days, at the old stand, foot of Warren-st. North River, at both of which places the public and friends of health are invited to visit, and know for themselves the improvements and comforts of the day.

N. B. Wanted, a Swimming Master. Apply on board the Bath, or at the corner of Greenwich and Murray-sts.

May 28

GREENWICH BATH.

No. 337 Hudson-street.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs the public that he has erected a commodious building, No. 337 Hudson-street, near Greenwich Village, for a BATHING HOUSE, where they can be accommodated with

Warm, Cold, and Shower Baths,

at reduced prices.

The above building is divided into two separate and distinct apartments, one for Gentlemen, and the other for Ladies, with separate entrances. Between the apartments is a large space for the pipes which convey the water into the Bath Rooms, and render them entirely incapable of any interference whatever. There are two parlors in front; one is handsomely fitted up for Ladies, for whose special purpose a female attendant will be provided. The whole conducting every necessary convenience to be met with at any other establishment of the kind in this city.

Bathing is a luxury highly recommended by our first physicians as especially conducive to health; and in order that those in moderate circumstances may avail themselves of its beneficial effects, the prices are put at the following low rates, viz.

For a single Ticket,	20 25
eight do.	1 50
forty do.	5 00
100 do. viz. 50 gentle &	10 00
men, 40 ladies, and 20 children, &	

Persons living in the lower part of the city, by taking a seat in the Greenwich Stage, will be brought to the door, and charged for a single stage ticket only eight cents. A Stage will leave the Bath every five minutes.

Having spared no pains or expense in the fitting and procuring every convenience necessary for a respectable establishment, he begs, by strict attention, to merit a share of public patronage.

WILLIAM M. THORP

New York, May 7, 1831

NEW WASHINGTON BATH.

No. 32 Fourth Street, between Washington Square and Sixth Avenue.

DANIEL H. WEED

RESPECTFULLY informs the public that the above establishment is now open, fitted up with every convenience suitable for such an establishment. It is supplied with pure spring water, and clean furniture. An accommodating attendant has charge of the gentlemen's apartments, while the ladies will be attended by Mrs. Weed. Those inclined to visit it, are assured that no pains will be spared to render it as pleasant and convenient as can be desired.

Single tickets 25 cents

5 do \$1.00

15 do 2.50

55 do 5.00

New-York, June, 1831.

3m

NOTICE.

THE celebrated strengthening plaster for pain or weakness, in the breast, back, side or limbs, and for Rheumatic Affections, Liver Complaints and Dyspepsia, for sale at No. 38 Beekman Street. This medicine is the invention of an eminent surgeon, and so numerous are the instances in which the most salutary effects have been produced by it, that it is with the utmost confidence recommended to all who are afflicted with those distressing complaints. The sale of this remedy commenced in May, 1827, from this establishment, and the sales have been very extensive. It affords us great pleasure in stating, notwithstanding a condition was annexed to each sale that if relief was not obtained, the money should be returned; out of those numerous sales, from the period above mentioned, up to the present time, ten only have been returned; and those, upon strict inquiry, were found to be diseases for which they were not recommended. This we trust (when fairly considered) will be the strongest evidence that could possibly be given of its utility.

Where the applicants are known, no money will be required till the trial is made and approved, where they are not known, the money will be returned, provided the benefit above stated is not obtained.

Apply at 38 Beekman, corner of William St.

T. KENNETT.

PARTNER WANTED.

A PARTNER is wanted in an Eating and Refreshment House, located in the most busy part of the city, and well established, having a first rate run of business, and can give satisfactory evidence of its being profitable. The reason why a Partner is wanted, is merely as an assistant.

Any person desirous of engaging in the above business, who can give satisfactory reference, and has \$800 at command, may address B. C. through the Post Office, stating where an interview may be had, will be attended to.

CHAIR BEDSTEAD.

WILLIAMS WOOLLEY has for some time past applied himself to the production of a Bedstead which shall apply to all the purposes and conveniences of the sick and infirm, in the best possible manner and with the least cost. This he has accomplished, and now offers the result to the public. Several eminent surgeons and physicians of this city have examined this Bedstead, and their certificate of approbation is given below, in which a description is contained. These Bedsteads may be had at his Bedstead Warehouse, No. 378 Broadway, corner of White street, New-York, where the public generally, and the medical profession in particular, are invited to call and examine them. The present prices are from 16 to 20 dollars including a good hair mattress.

CERTIFICATE.—New-York, February, 1831.—The undersigned having examined a bedstead, intended for the benefit of the sick, constructed by Williams Woolley, cannot but express their gratification at the invention, and their opinion that it is the best calculated for the comfort and convenience of the sick any they have ever examined, being capable of being converted from a bedstead into a chair, and again restored to the state of a bedstead without incommencing the patient. From its simplicity, cheapness and facility in use, they consider it as well calculated both for hospitals and families:

Valentine Mott, M. D. John Baxter, M. D.
D. W. Kissam, Jr. M. D. John C. Chesnut, M. D.
David L. Rogers, M. D. Samuel L. Mitchell, M. D.
Peter C. Tappan, M. D. F. C. Johnson, M. D.
William M. Ireland, M. D. David Hosack, M. D.

PREMIUM BEDSTEADS.—Williams Woolley newly invented and improved bedsteads, adapted to the situation and means of all classes, manufactured and sold by the proprietor, No. 378 Broadway, corner of White-street, New-York. His Secret Bedstead, adapted to, and enclosed within various kinds of furniture, such as sideboards, tables, bookcases, writing desks, bureaus, sofas, settees, &c. as well as stove counters, will be furnished to order, at different prices—from 15 to 75 dollars, according to the style of workmanship and materials used; all which he will warrant free from the inconvenience attached to the press bedsteads heretofore in use, in that they are readily and expeditiously arranged for other purposes and newness liable to bugs, as is fully attested by all those who have them in use.

W. W. has also applied his improvement in tightening the sucking, to the common post bedsteads, which render them decidedly superior to any that have been made. Of these he has constantly on hand a large assortment, and can supply orders for either the high-post, field, French, or low-post kind, of various materials and workmanship, and at different prices—from 5 to 35 dollars.

Also, an improved Cot Bedstead, very suitable for public houses—price, 3 to 6 dollars.

SOFA BEDSTEADS.—Of this article he has a variety, viz: full finished Parlor Sofa Bedsteads, from 50 to 80 dollars; Settees, &c. suitable for dining rooms, nurseries, stores, &c. from 15 to 40 dollars. These articles (Sofa Bedsteads) the committee of Cabinet Makers, at the late fair in New-York, have especially recommended as being constructed on the best principle, and on an excellent plan. They included, also, his Counter and Side-board Bedsteads, and likewise his ordinary four Post Bedsteads, all of which are first rate premium articles.

All orders for any of the above articles will be immediately attended to.

WILLIAMS WOOLLEY

March 12.

INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH.

THE subscriber most respectfully begs leave to invite the attention of ladies and gentlemen, who are wishing to supply, in the best possible manner, the loss of their teeth, to his admirable IMITATION HUMAN INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH.

These teeth possess decided advantages and eminent superiority over every other kind of artificially inserted teeth, and over all other substances used for similar purposes. They possess highly polished and vitrified surface most beautiful enamel, and that peculiar undulating appearance which exactly corresponds with the living natural teeth. They are unchangeable in their color, and may be had in every gradation of shade, to suit any that may be remaining in the mouth—so as to elude the closest scrutiny in detection. They are INCORRUPTIBLE, and with their elegant, retain their form, solidity, durability, polish, strength and beauty, to the last period of human existence. In point of economy they will be found highly advantageous to the wearer; as they will outlast many successive sets of teeth ordinarily supplied. Having passed the ordeal of fire and acid, they do not, like teeth formed of animal substances, absorb the saliva, or become saturated with the juices of the mouth, nor retain sticking to them particles of food, causing putridity and disgusting smell; they therefore neither offend the taste nor contaminate the breath.

From the unimpeachable patronage which a liberal and discerning public has bestowed upon these subscriber's "Imitation Human Incorruptible Teeth," other dentists have deemed it not unfair to appropriate the name to teeth of their procuring and inserting; and while with heartfelt gratitude the subscriber acknowledges the very gracious as well as bountiful manner with which his professional services have been received by the enlightened citizens of this great metropolis, he deems it no less his duty to caution his patrons and the public, that his "Imitation Human Incorruptible Teeth" are, in this city, inserted by himself only.

The subscriber will continue to furnish ladies and gentlemen with single teeth to suit sets in a style not surpassed or excelled in Europe or America.

Every operation upon the teeth performed on the most modern, improved, scientific principles, with the least possible pain, and correct professional skill.

Gauging of the teeth removed, and the decaying teeth rendered artificially sound, by stopping, with gold, metallic paste, or platinum. Teeth nicely cleaned of salivary calculus tartar, hence removing that peculiarly disgusting flavor of a bad breath. Irregularities in children's teeth prevented, in adults remedied. Teeth extracted with the utmost safety, and old stumps, fangs, or roots remaining in the sockets, causing ulcers, granulations, alveolar abscesses, and consequently an unpleasant breath, removed with nicety and ease.

The subscriber is kindly permitted to refer, if necessary to a very great number of ladies and gentlemen of the first respectability, as well as to many of the eminent and distinguished members of the medical faculty.

JONATHAN DODGE, L. N. H. OPERATIVE DENTAL SURGEON,

Manufacturer and Inserter of "Incorruptible

Imitation Human Teeth."

No. 5 Chambers-street.

NEW YORK, October, 1830

MAHOGANY.—Logs of Mahogany, and every description of sawed Stuff, suitable for Cabinet Makers and Carpenters, for sale at E. HOUGHTON'S Mahogany Yard, No. 90 Walker street, New York, on such terms as will make it an inducement for all who use the articles to call. Also, Turned and Carved Work.

N. B.—Logs will be sold at a small advance on auction prices; and an arrangement has been made with one of the best mahogany sawyers, to have mahogany saw d at the shortest notice, and on liberal terms.

REAL ESTATE BROKERAGE—AMERICAN, FOREIGN, GENERAL AGENT, AND COMMISSION OFFICE.

No. 37 Nassau-st. (up stairs,) New-York City.

THE subscribers respectfully inform the public that in addition to their City business, they have opened an Office, of the above description, in the City of New York, which will be of great benefit and much advantage to those who need the aid of Agents or Brokers. Having been engaged in this business for the last Eight Years, and having formed a general acquaintance at home and abroad, afford them greater advantages than other land agents, as Emigrants, Foreigners, Capitalists and Speculators always favor the subscribers with a first call.

All Editors of newspapers favorable to this undertaking shall have their business attended to gratis, at any time, by inserting this circular and forwarding a paper containing the same.

Communications on business (post paid) addressed to the subscribers, will meet with immediate and due attention.

Our office is now open and we and our attendants prepared to attend the following business:—

1st Purchase, sell, barter, rent and lease Landed property of every description. Farms, dairies, plantations, gold, silver, lead, iron, coal, and other mines, building lots, houses, manufactories, &c. &c.

2nd Purchase, sell and exchange, bank, canal, rail road and other stock.

3rd Purchase and sell merchandise, and personal estate of every description.

4th Borrow and loan money on bonded mortgage or unincumbered real estate.

5th Act as Agents in forming companies of Capitalists or find partners for individuals to embark in any kind of business, and to put in operation gold, and other mines, &c.

6th Act as Attorneys' agents in claiming of inheritances, legacies, and settling of estates, also, collecting and retaining all manner of debts and dues, &c. &c.

Information and intelligence on any subject or business (at home or abroad) received and forwarded throughout the Union (confidentially.)

Books and Records of county, state, and government offices, perused and searched, and the required information forwarded to each applicant.

Information given respecting the arrival and departure of packet ships, and other vessels—steam and canal packets, and boats—mail, accommodation and express stages, and all other modes of conveyance, their distances for running routes, accommodations, price of fare, &c. by land or water—also, all other necessary information for travellers and strangers to be in possession of—writing, drafting and conveying, in all its branches, attended with neatness, correctness, and immediate dispatch.

A register of public and private boarding houses, their terms, accommodations, &c. is kept at this office.

Situations in Mercantile, Manufacturing, and other establishments, as partners, book-keepers, salesmen, general and assistant clerks, barkeepers, teachers, collectors, agents, and in all other capacities, procured and secured for applicants.

N. B. Business, in all its various branches, [throughout the Union, adjoining Territories, Canada, Europe, &c.] attended to by the subscribers, and by the assistance of their regular, authorized, and appointed agents and correspondents. Also bear in mind, unquestionable references can be given, if required, as to public and private character, ability, &c. of the subscribers.

P. S. All persons forwarding communications respecting Real Estate offered for sale, barter, lease, (or to be given on bond and mortgage) will recollect, it is indispensably necessary to forward a correct description of the premises; also, a draft or plan, (if possible,) stating location, situation, quantity, quality, divisions, improvements, distance from cities, towns, manufactories, post roads, navigable streams, value, price, and terms, &c.—also inclose an advance fee. Postage paid.—Charges will be regulated according to the amount and nature of the business.

All first applications to be accompanied with a consulting and retaining Fee of Five Dollars.—No letters, (in any case) will be taken from the Post Office, unless postage is paid.—All communications to be addressed Everitt & Co. Real Estate Brokers, and Gen. Agents, No. 37 Nassau-st. (up stairs,) New-York.

SATIN BEAVER HAT MANUFACTORY.

NO. 61 CANAL-STREET, N. Y.

THOMAS SIMMS respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he continues to supply orders to any amount for his imitable Satin Beaver Hats. T. S. also takes pleasure in announcing to the public, his newly invented Porous Hat, an extensive supply of which will soon be ready for the Spring Trade. The component structure of these Hats is such as gives them the admirable quality of passing off the hot and feverish vapor which is constantly emitted from the head, particularly in warm weather. Every one who has felt the oppressive sensation of the brain, owing to this heated vapor being confined in the ordinary Hat, will readily appreciate the ease and comfort they will derive in wearing the Porous Hat during the warm season. It is acknowledged by all eminent physicians that the keeping the head in a cool temperature, contributes very essentially to health; and it affords a high degree of satisfaction to the inventor of the Porous Hats, to know that his discovery will promote so desirable an object. This hat is not the less durable on account of its porous and ventilating qualities, and though it is elastic, light, and elegant of form, yet it will endure and preserve its shape equal to any other kind.

All orders will be thankfully received and attended to with the utmost punctuality and despatch.

BALL & OVERIN.

Musical Instrument Makers, corner of Walker and Elm streets, (near Broadway,) New-York.

PATENT and all other Flutes, Clarionets, Double and Single Flageolets, Fifes, Bassoons, and all other Wind Instruments always on hand, and made to order.

N. B. Musical Instruments of every description repaired in the neatest manner. All orders thankfully received and punctually attended to.

CABINET FURNITURE.

J. D. HALSTAD, 209 Hudson street, offers for sale a general assortment of Cabinet Furniture at the lowest cash prices.

April 30